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ENGLISH TRANSLATION
OF
VIDYA SUNDARA
OF
BHARAT CHANDRA ROY.

Love, how can I say 'Go' ?

A moment of separation has to me the length of the
final dissolution.

"Love goes toward love, as school boys from their books ;
But Love from Love, toward School with heavy looks."

Shakespeare.

EDITED BY
GOUR DAS BAIRAGI.
5, RAM MOHON SAHA'S LANE.

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TO

HIS HIGHNESS THE MOHARAJADHIRAJ
KHITISH CHANDRA RAI BAHADOOR,
YOUR HIGHNESS,

With the highest regards I have inscribed to your Highness' far-famed Cards 'The English translation of Vidya Sundara' of the immortal poet Bharat Chandra Rai Gunakar who once adorned your Highness' auspicious court and whose object was highly cherished and warmly supported by the most Benign Personage Rajah Krishna Chandra, under whose patronage the poet was able to give free vent to his imagination. The translation has been executed strictly literal in order that it may not mar the poet's beautiful delineations. I hope that this invaluable treatise would but meet with the cordial reception of your Highness' gracious self.

I remain.

Your Highness,

Your Highness' most obedient
humble servant.

GOUR DAS BAIRAGI.

PREFACE.



We undertake the task of publishing a prose English translation of Bhārat Chandra Roy's celebrated poem entitled "Vidyā Sundara." The poem is reckoned as one of the gems of the Bengali literature—nay, some going the length of according the poet the foremost place in the ranks of Bengali writers. As a picture of Bengali life and manners, the book has a great value to the students of Indian history ; while its innumerable literary beauties must recommend it to every one taking an interest in the productions of the imagination.

The influence "Vidyā Sundara" has exercised on Bangali society is deep and far-reaching. The title of the poem has become a house-hold word with the nation, and all—from the prince to the peasant—are acquainted with the title of the poem and the contents with which that title is associated. The youthful loves of the unique daughter of the king of Vardhāman (Burdwan) Vidyā, proud of her learning, who had made a vow to marry him alone that would defeat her in a literary passage-at-arms,—and the son of the sovereign of Kānchipur (Conjeveram), have been dearly treasured up in the mnemonic

store houses of millions of India's sons ; and many of the sentiments together with the expressions crystallising them have passed into proverbs lending point and emphasis to current observations.

An English translation of such a work cannot fail to be interesting to the students of literature and life. The productions that come out at the present day from the Vernacular press cannot be pronounced as Bengali literature in the same sense in which "Chandi" of Kavi Kankan or the lyrics of Vidyāpati or Chandi Dās can be called Bengali literature ; the influences under which the former are produced or manufactured, as the case may be, being in a large measure, distinctly and decidedly English. Not so with the others ; they reflected the sentiments and feelings of the people in their pristine purity. It is true, the Mahommedans had possessed themselves of Bengal at the time of Bhārat Chandra Roy ; but the influence of the Moslem did not vitally enter into the pith and marrow of the national life, nor was our love for Persian literature so general or deep-seated as the love we all so burningly bear towards the illustrious productions of Shakespere and Milton. Now-a-days Bengali authors breathe the atmosphere of English literature, and having drunk their fill of the wells of English, they give back what they take, in different form alone. But the work of Bhārat Chandra and others were produced under purely native influence ;

and the spontaneity to which they owe their existence was not tampered with by elements alien to them.

Sut. : a novel literary experiment as the present one should recommend itself to all sincere students of literature; and to these we appeal in all confidence. Their patronage is the guerdon which will animate our exertions, and their approbation, the highest credit which we presume to aspire to.

Some are of opinion that seemingly sensual as the sentiment running through "*Vidya Sundara*" is, the poem is really informed with a meaning of high spiritual value. They say that *Sundara* * represents beauty physical and moral, and *Vidya* † learning or wisdom. The union of the hero and the heroine represents the union of Beauty with Wisdom—a union constituting an excellent ideal of human perfection, the Greek ideal embodied in Plato's *Charmides*, of a beautiful mind in a beautiful body. Such an opinion is not utterly devoid of weight. Even if it be that the poet meant no such thing, still if we can read this sense into his poem, we should certainly interpret so, as such an interpretation is calculated to alter infinitely for the better the reader's point of view; while the importance of the question as to the soundness of attri-

* *Lit.* beauty.

† *Lit.* learning.

buting the conception to Bharat Chandra is slight indeed in comparison. Interpreted in this sense, the hideously gross will certainly lose much of its offensiveness and will come to be looked upon mainly as a contrivance to give form and shape to the spiritually impalpable. We ask, if we can manage to see beauty in a work of art, why in the name of taste and morality should we persist in perceiving deformity and ugliness?

Those who accuse the poet of obscenity are requested to weigh the following remarks properly. Bharat Chandra, in the first place, did not treat of illegal love, — Vidya was *married* with Sundara according to the *Gandharba* mode. The poet has surely lifted the veil from things which it is the fashion now-a-days to consider as fit to remain hidden from the day; but the fact that the loves of Vidya and Sundara are sanctified by marriage, must go a great way in extenuating the offence. Milton himself, whose mind, according to a great critic and poet, * “was absolutely pure,” has not considered it beneath him to insert some lines which judged by the canon of criticism of this puritanic school must be pronounced positively obscene in a religious and moral work. In *Paradise Lost*, Book IV and IX we read:—

"Nor those *mysterious parts* were then concealed."

"———Into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off
Those troublesome disguise which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor *turn'd* I
ween,

*Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused."*

"Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
The thick over-head, with verdant roof imbower'd
He led her nothing loth • • •

*There they their fill of love and love's disport"
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal."*

Further it must not be forgotten that far worse things than those displayed by Bhārat Chandra may pass muster, and do so, under a thin transparent veil of decorum. The comic dramatists of Restoration are infinitely more revolting and pernicious in their tendency than the bards of Bengal : they roll and revel in sensuality with extreme zest, and evidently feel the highest satisfaction in pouring out the fullness of their hearts. Not a few of Shakespere's plays, *Lear* in especial, are chargeable with obscenity. If these and other have been borne with, why should people in the name of consistency ostracise Bhārat Chandra because he happens to depict in their naked and native beauty and grace the legitimate amours of Sundara and Vidyā as husband and wife ? He has

given the sanction of his great name to no improper intrigue ; he has inflamed no foul passion ; every thing is proper and in consonance with morality and social usage.

Why Bhārat Chandra has not felt any delicacy in painting a couple of scenes or so is accounted for if we just take into consideration the beautiful simplicity of those times. They did not think so ill : men in the days of Bhārat Chandra saw nothing so very heinous in paintings of naked Nature, provided the poet kept the recognized road of social usage, and did not wander into interdicted grounds. Some people's imaginations are foul as Vulcan's stithy,—these have the reprehensible habit of reading between the lines : no sooner do they read the passage more than usually warm than they lend it the color of their own minds and imbue it with the effluvia of their own thoughts. For such we have no remarks. And what after all, is the influence exercised by literature in the formation of character ? Without entering into the *vexata questio* of the power exercised by formal instruction in morality, it can be satisfactorily maintained that the influence exercised by any particular treatise in determining conduct is in general greatly exaggerated. It is at best but an insignificant agent in the task of training up character. The hue and cry that was raised up against the satanic school is well-known. People given to vaticination shaking their heads said that

the cause of morality was imperilled by the *Giours* the *Don Juans*, and the rest ; but what has been the real damage done to society by these productions ? For how much mischief are Byron and his school responsible ? Literature is surly the reflex of life but it does not sway life so supremely as some people are apt to imagine in their extreme concern for our spiritual welfare.

From "Vidya Sundra" we gather the important fact that Bengali ladies in time of old were not unknown to learning as in more modern times. The instance of a Bengali princess staking her future happiness and peace on a literary contest with her wooer, counts for a great deal. The poet paints Vidya as very highly accomplished. She is nobly endowed by nature, having an excellent understanding and a nimble wit. She is read in Sanskrit literature and philosophy. She discourses with Sundara on grammar and vocabulary and the drama and rhetoric. A decade or two ago, before English education had come to exert its beneficent influence upon Bengali gentlemen generally, our females were looked down upon by the male part of the nation ; they were considered as designed by Nature to serve the function of domestic drudges to their husbands and relations. Learning was too high for them,—nay, some cherishing the preposterous notion that learning would serve only to pervert their understanding, and render them unwilling to minister to those who

had a claim upon their service. Learning would render the meek proud, and the faithful, unchaste !
 What a contrast to the times of Bhārat Chandra !

CALCUTTA,
 1890.

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GOUR DĀS BAIRAGI,

The Publisher.

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THE BIOGRAPHY OF BHARAT CHANDRA.



Bharat Chandra Roy was the youngest son of Norendra Narain Roy a distinguished land-holder in Burdwan. He was born in 1634 Saka 1119 Sal. Through some circumstance which we do not stop to mention, Norendra Narain was reduced to strait; at this time Bharat Chandra left his home at Pandua and repairing to the abode of his maternal uncle at Noahparah in the Mondalghat Pergana and studied Sanskrit grammar and Dictionary. Having in the fourteenth year of his age attained proficiency in both, he returned to his native place and married the daughter of Kesar Kuni Acharya residing in the village of Saroda, near Tagpur in the Perganna of Mundalghat. At this misalliance Bharat's elder brother reprimanded him severely; feeling this disgrace, the poet forthwith went to the house of a respectable Kaistha named Ram Chandra Munshi, dwelling in Devanandpur in the district of Hooghly, and thus commenced upon the study of Persian. The Munshi showing special kindness to Bharat gave him quarters and supplied him daily *Sīdas*; at this time Bharat Chandra began to versify in both Bengali and Sanskrit.

Once on a time arrangements were made at the house of the above mentioned Munshi for celebrating the worship of *Satyanarain* and the recitation of the sacred text in his honor ; on this occasion Bharat recited the verses of his own composing. The audience was charmed on listening to his numbers and burst forth loud plaudits in his behalf ; at this time, Bharat had hardly turned his fifteenth year. Having attained a consummate mastery over the resources of the Persian language, he about his twentieth year returned home and saw his parents and brothers. Finding him accomplished, his brothers who were his inferiors by far in intelligence and learning, sent him to Burdwan for the transaction of business with the king of that place to assign a small holding belonging to his father ; after residing at Burdwan for a space of time Bharata Chandra through the intrigue of certain officers of the king of Burdwan came to be imprisoned. But happening to the good graces in the jailor he was allowed to escape from the prison secretly at night. Taking with him a servant named Raghunath, a barbar, Bharata Chandra came to Cattack and took refuge in the residence of a kind Sovadar named Siva Bhatta being very well cared for by the reigning king, the poet studied Bhagabata and the other works of the Vaisnavās.

Next we find him at Khanakool Krishnanagore in the district of Hoogly ; happening one day to hear

the *Kirtan* performed for the temple of Gopinath. Bharata drank deep the lore of Hari and shed tears begot of the bliss that comes from communion with the most High. Just at this time the husband of his wife's sister residing at this place receiving intelligence of Bharat's arrival came to the temple and took him to his house. Bharat was then made to renounce his yellow garments and put on the dress of house holders. His friends prevailed upon him to bring his thought back to the world and his conservatism. After a few days the Bhattacharya his brother-in-law took Bharat to the house of his father-in-law, Narottam Achaarya, in the village of Saroda. Receiving back his long-lost son-in-law the Acharya experienced the height of delight ; after a while the poet went to put up at the residence of Dewan of the Duch government Rameswar Mookerjee at Gondulpara ; here he was fortunate enough in elevating the sympathies of Babu Indra Narain chowdry the wealthy Dewan of the French government. One day as Bharat Chandra Roy was seated at the Court of the Choudhuri the renowned Rajah Krishna Chandra Roy arrived there ; on this occasion Bharat Chandra was favourably entrusted to the Raja.

Thereon the latter told the poet to go to Krisnanagore ; on Bharat's so doing the Rajah fixed upon him a monthly salary of 40 rupees.

The poet began to call upon the Raja morning

and evening and recited occasional verses. Krisna Chandra well pleased conferred upon Bharat the title of *goonakara* (an abode of excellence) and desired him to compose *Annadamongala*. A Brahman Scribe was appointed to write down the numbers and a Singer named Nilmoney Samadar to suit his verses to music. The Raja then desired the poet to compose a poem of Vidya Sundara and talked on to the other poem, after this, he composed '*Rasamanjari*.'

In time Bharat Chandra became the principal favorite of Raja Krisna Chandra. At the request of the Poet the Raja granted him the right of tenancy of the village of Moolajore. Bharat thereupon set up at Moolajore with his wife; just after this his father desired of ending his days at the banks of the Ganges. Removed to Moolajore and after spending there a length of time he breathed his last. After this Bharat Chandra went to Krisnanagore and lived there for a while; during his residence at Krisnanagore he composed some minor poems which are not generally known.

The village of Moolajore being left to the Dowager Moharani of Burdwan, Bharat Chandra Roy departed this life in 1682 at the fortieighth year of his age.

The fell malady carried off these rare spirits diabetes the disease to which intellectual workers are most generally subject.

VIDYA SUNDARA.



HYMN TO GANESA.

I bow unto Ganesa, the original and incomparable Brahma, and the Prime male being, the foremost of all, with his short and plump person, his elephantine face and spacious abdomen—that mighty and surpassingly beautiful Yogi. Do thou, O thou that wieldest an absolute sway over impediments, remove those that stand in our way. In worship, *Homa*, *Yoga* and sacrifice, it is thy worship which must always take precedence ; and thy name ensures success unto every undertaking. Thou art heaven and the regions beneath ; thou art

the father of the universe : thou art the cause of the creation, the preservation and the dissolution of all. The son of Siva, and having chosen Durgā for thy mother, thou sportest, being propitious towards us. Drinking of the ocean of the world with thy extended trunk, thou bringest about universal dissolution by way of childish sport. And again blowing about water, thou revivest creation,—what a play dost thou play, O merciful one ? Thou createst Brahmā and Vishnu and Siva and Sivā and the three worlds and Night and Day,—and then destroyest them all. The Veda says that thou art Brahm and the Yapa. Thou best knowest which Brahm thou art. Thou art the Lord ; but I have never been able to know thee ; nor hath Brahmā or Hari or Hara been able to know thee. He that takes thy name surmounts obstacles, and thou bestowest the four kinds of blessings. Do thou, O lord Ganesa, listen ! I ask of thee this boon,—I would treat of the auspicious ceremony regarding Annapurnā. Do thou look with a benign eye ; and, O lord of impediments, do thou remove them ; for then only shall I be able to cross over this ocean. Do thou personally come to the assembly to fulfil the wish of the hero. This I say to thee in all humility. With the view of inspiring Krishna Chandra with reverence, Bhārata speaks sweetly at the mandate of king Krishna Chandra.



HYMN TO SIVA.

I bow unto Sankara, the beloved of the Mountain's daughter, who rides a bull and is immersed in Yoga, having his three eyes graced with the Sun and the Moon and flaming fire—the possessor of the three qualities, holding the trident,—who bore hostility to Tripurā. Do thou remove my woe : do thou remove my disease and grief, my sorrow and my sin, O thou that lookest beautiful with the Moon in thy forehead. About thy neck floats a garland of human skulls ; thy wearing is a tiger's skin ; in thy hand a skull ; and thy person rubbed with ashes from the funeral pyre. With thee dance in glee innumerable Dikinis, Yoginis, ghosts and spectres. Thy locks are exceeding long. Thy throat is graced by the Kālākuta, and the crescent Moon is excellently placed in thy forehead. Thy bracelets of serpents, as well as thy neck-lace, thou hast serpents for thy ornaments : on thy head are snakes ; and thou hast snakes also for

thy sacred thread. Unapproachable by even the Yogis, thou spendest thy time in Yoga. I do not know whom it is that thou dost meditate. Without beginning, thy divine energy is illimitable. He to whom thou accordedst the shadow of thy feet, attains the four kinds of blessings. Thou hast emancipated thyself from illusion,—thou art a creature freed from illusion,—who can comprehend thy divine doings ? Even an ignorant person receiving thy grace, is enlightened with ease. Do thou remove the sorrow of the heroine ; do thou complete my songs. This I say to thee in all humility. For inspiring Krishna Chandra with veneration, Bhārata speaks sweetly at the mandate of king Krishna Chandra.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

I bow unto the Sun. Do thou remove my darkness. Be thou propitious, O maker of day. The four Vedas say that Brahm is full of energy. Thou art, O god, the prime one. The Veda assigns no limit to thy greatness. Forgive thou my transgressions, for I am weak. Thou art the cause, the eye, and the life of the universe : thou art permeated by all the deities ; thou the refuge of them all. Thou art the

sky, the nether regions, and the earth. Mounting on a one-wheeled car, thou proceedest along the ethereal way from the rising-hill,—reachest the setting-hill in the course of a single day,—who can describe thy power ? The mountains burn with fierce heat. How does the Lotus laugh with delight,—who knows all about thee ? Thou hast twelve forms. O lord of the Grahas ! thy wives are those blessed ladies, Sanjñā and Chhāyā. Sani, Yama and Manu have sprung from thy person, and Yamunā is thy daughter. Thou art the preserver of the universe, and thou its origin,—and hence thou art called Savitā. Thou art the only reality in the cosmos,—do thou ferry me over. I bow down to thee a *koti* times. An ocean of countless qualities, thou ever sittest upon the Lotus. Thou bestowest boons, and removest fear. Thou art furnished with three eyes, and wearest in thy head a precious jewel. On remembering thee, one is cleansed of sin. Be thou propitious to this assembly and this hymn of Bhārata Chandra. Do thou look upon king Krishna Chandra with a benign eye.

MANSING'S ARRIVAL IN BENGAL.

There was a king dwelling in Jessore, named Pratāpāditya, a Bangaja Kāyastha by caste. He set the Emperor at naught, and none could control him. All the crowned heads used to wait upon Pratāpa from fear. He was under the special protection of Bhabāni and was dearly loved by all. Fifty-two thousand foot soldiers called him master. He had sixteen bands of elephants and an *ayuta* cavalry. Kālī herself acted as the king's generallissimo during war.

Protāpa cut off his uncle, the gigantic Vasanta Roy, together with his family. Vasanta's son Kachu Roy alone escaped through the endeavours of the queen ; and the survivor conveyed the intelligence to Jehangir. Hearing this, the Emperor was highly enraged, and sent Mansing to bring the delinquent bound hand and foot. With soldiers of the twenty-second, Kachu Roy marched forth breathing enthusiasm ; and Mansing came to Bengal with an army composed of Moguls, Pathans and Rajputs looking like the messengers of Yama himself. Having passed many a river and many a forest, the army arrived at Varddhamāna. Through the grace of the Goddess, Bhabānanda Mazumdāra had become the Kānoongo of the place. For the purpose of interviewing Mansing, the Mazumdāra speedily went to Varddhamāna with various presents. From the lips of the Mazumdāra, Mansing became acquainted with

the state of Bengal at that period. During the days that he stayed at the place, he learned incidentally all about Vidyā and Sundara. Mounting on an elephant, the Rajput general went to see the hole, and questioned the Mazumdāra concerning it. Thereat, the latter related to him the history of the excavation.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE STORY OF "VIDYA SUNDARA."

"Listen heedfully, O king! There was formerly at this place a king named Virasingha. He had a daughter called Vidyā, of exceedingly blessed condition. In beauty she was a very Lakshmi, and in worth Saraswati's self. She vowed that he alone who should defeat her in a literary passage-at-arms, should be her husband. Many princes came and met with discomfiture at her hands. This gave rise to serious anxiety in the mind of the monarch. At length he heard that there was a country called Kānchipura, of which Guna Sindhu was the king. His son was Sundara by name, possessed of extraordinary beauty and endowed with many perfections. The king thought that this prince might in all probability

defeat Vidyā in learning. Virasingha despatched a Bhāt to the king of Kānchi, with a letter informing him of the state of things. The Bhāt accordingly went to that place and delivered the letter, supplementing it with a verbal communication as to how matters stood. Thereat Sundara conceived a desire to go to Varddhamāna. Taking the Bhāt aside, he, deeply interested, interrogated the emissary touching the beauty and virtues of Vidyā. The Bhāt said,—“Sir, if my stock of words is exhausted, I shall not be able to do justice to the subject. Useless is the sight of him who, furnished with eyes, has not beheld Vidyā. Do you become her husband and win the appellation of Vidyā’s lord.” Hearing this, Sundara was exceedingly delighted. The lord of the four orders, the magnanimous Krishna Chandra is the foremost personage belonging to the race of the twice-born ones of the Rārhi class. His prime courtier, the Roy—the abode of many virtues—says,—“O Annapurnā, do thou extend unto me the shadow of thy feet.”



SUNDARA'S JOURNEY TO VARDHAMANA,

Melody, *Mailāra*—Measure, *Tetālā*.

Not seeing her, my mind is ill at ease. To whom shall I express the ferment that goes on in my heart ?

Hearing of the things concerning Vidyā, Sundara's ocean of happiness heaved and swelled. His imagination was filled with Vidyā's beauty ; he recited the name of Vidyā alone ; he talked unceasingly of Vidyā, and he constantly prayed for obtaining her hand. "Ah my Vidyā ! Where is my Vidyā ? When shall I obtain my Vidyā ? By potency of what learning shall I appear before Vidyā ? What is her beauty, and what her perfections as described by the Bhāt ! The door of my heart has been opened, and it wont close again. For gaining my life's treasure, Vidyā, I will ply this vessel of a

body on the sea of a distant land. If Kālī should graciously enable me to reach the shore, I will come back to my country. I will either compass my end, or else renounce this frame. To Varddhamāna will I repair alone with an intent mind. How can a jewel be obtained without endeavours ? For the purpose of gaining Vidyā, Sundara adored Mahā Vidyā, through whose power Rāma constructed the bridge over the ocean. Sundara felt as if he heard a voice in the air, saying,—“My child, bend thy course to Varddhamāna. Thou shalt gain the hand of Vidyā.” Having heard the arial voice, Sundara felt as if he had recieved the very heaven in his hand. He ordered a riding horse to be brought fleet as the wind, and caparisoned it according to his fancy. Then he dressed himself. He wore a dress of European make and put on a turban laced with gold. Diamonds and gems sparkled on his person. A Dhukdhuki hung from his neck and flamed on his breast. Jewelled ornaments shone on his body. He equipped himself with his sword and buckler, bow and arrows and gun and shots. In his hand he carried a cage containing a trained parrot. On his horse's neck, he fastened a gemmed case enclosing a manuscript. From fear of his father and mother, he did not acquaint the Bhāt with his purpose. Then remembering with delight Shyāmā hued like the Atasi flower, he flung himself on his horse's back and administered sharply the lash to it. In horsemanship, Sundara resembled Nala ; as to an

antagonist, he resembled flaming fire. The prince set out like the mighty Kumāra. An arrow, or a star, or an *ulkā*, or the wind, or any other object furnished with celerity, which could course as fast as Sundara? He left behind his own country and many a foreign tract; and how shall I recount the names of the many countries which he saw? With the name of Vidyā in his mouth, and with no companion with him, he had only the parrot in his hand to talk to. The distance from Kānchipura to Varddhamāna was a journey of six months; yet the horse gifted with the speed of the mind reached the destination in as many days. Sundara came to know that it was Varddhamāna from the lips of the people. And this hath been composed by Bhārata.

SUNDARA ENTERS VARDDHAMANA.

On beholding Varddhamāna, Sundara looked on all sides,—and considered Gour as blessed in having such a country within it. “The king is surely fortunate. The land has the Dāmodara hard by. The place, to be sure, is excellent. It is a metropolis all round. At the gates countless sentries

mount guard ; there are stone-built gun and canon foundries. And the canons boom, and the guns roar. And trumpets and *kārās* and *dhol*s sound,—and the *jhānjhar* rings at the *Naubat* ; and conchs, and bells, and gongs peal aloud. And arrows and shots whiz ; and bells jingle at the necks of elephants ; and horses raise a storm with their velocity. One warrior flourishes his buckler aloft, sending up loud shouts ; and another with his peculiar uniform whirls his bamboo. The wrestlers strike at their arms and seem to rend the earth. The inhabitants from a distance hear all this tumult. The moat around the city is deeper than a river. Hābshis, the sight of whom fills the heart of the spectator with fear, are stationed at the gate. All this prosperity is due to the grace of Sarva Mangalā, whose power none can oppose. The city looks like Lankā in the midst of the ocean.” When Sundara had reached the first station, the guards forbade him saying,—“Wherefrom do you come, and whither do you go ? What is thy caste, and what thy name, and what thy profession ? You pass not unless you tell us this.” Sundara replied, “Brother, I profess learning ; my home is at Kānchipura. I come in in quest of Vidyā, and shall go to the king. An excellent poet, my name is Sundara.” The warder thereupon said, “This can not be so. Your dress is that of a student. Students carry Khungis, enclosing their manuscripts,—and are clad in *dhutis*. You, on the other hand, ride a horse, wear a couple of sheets

and are equipped with five scimitars. You must be either a robber, or a *Harkarā*. If a mean person says anything arrogant to [one of noble birth,] such an one, if endued with good sense, laughs his words away." The Prince said,—“Yes, forsooth, I am a thief in respect of Vidyā.” Then taking out his *Khungi* with its manuscript, he showed it in merry mood,—saying,—“I am satisfied with thy rude speech.” Thereupon the warder humbly said,—“Hear, hear, sir. I understand that you are indeed a student. But you ride a horse, wear a couple of sheets, and carry foreign sabres. I shall come to grief, if I let you enter. The court is full of villifiers. These deceitfully deprive people of their houses and doors : if a fly touches the edge of a razor, it is cut in twain. Fie upon service ! But, brother, we cannot leave it. I pass my days even like a worm living in poison.” Sundara replies,—“Brother, I will leave my horse and my sheets : clad in a *dhuti* I will carry my *Khungi* with its manuscript ; and I will also take this bird. Can you then let me in”. ? The warder rejoins, —“Then I can let you in, first communicating this to the Jamādar and the Bakshi”. The Prince gave the man a waistband, and made over to him his horse, his sheets and his five swords. The warder then let him in ; and leaving the station behind him the Prince entered the city. In Bhurisit lives the king, Narendra Roy, of a stalwairt frame, a Mukhuti celebrated in all lands. Bhārata is his son ; and he

composes this excellent Annadā Mangala at the order of Krishna Chandra.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FORT OF VARDHAMANA.

Melody, *Sohini*—Measure, *Madhyamāna Theka*.

That prince of gallants and ocean of worth goes on seeing the city. That handsome gallant, that sea of virtues, proceeds, daubing his person with sandal paste and *aguru*. His knit braid waves in the summer air. He smiles sweetly and plays on the flute, bewitching the cœl. Bhārata turns and looks at Sundara's eye-brows and glances.

Having conferred on the warder the horse, the precious sheets and the weapons, Sundara went on foot, clad in two pieces of cloth. In his left armpit the Khungi encasing the manuscript, and in his right hand the parrot, that mild one proceeds slowly, viewing the city with delight. At the first part of the fort, in a barrack tapestried with black cloth, were seen Englishmen, the Dutch, Feringees and Frenchmen. The Danes and the Allemagnes perform the office of artillerymen. Merchants bring various products in ships. At the second division

of the fort were seen various races of Mussalmans ; Syeds, Mallicks, Shaiks, Moguls and Pāthans. The Turk reads Arabic mixed with Persian, reciting gibberish and telling restless rosaries. On coming to the third division, the Prince saw Kshatriyas accomplished in warfare and steady in fight. In the fourth he saw Rajputs, hardy in conflict, protecting the king's Pālang. In the fifth were seen bodies of Rajputs, and near them Bhāts and envoys for carrying messages to other places. At the sixth Sundara saw strict watch and ward was constantly kept there, for the treasury was situated at this place. It was at this part of the fort that merchants were seen counting coin by *lacs* and *kotis* and *padmas*. Taking him for a student, they say nothing to Sundara ; but, saying,—“Attend, sir,” they bow to him. Having in this way seen the six divisions, he entered into the inner division, thinking of Abhayā. Before him, he saw buildings on four sides, having a raised structure in the centre. The *Naubat* was playing at the *Bālākhānā*. In the midst of the building was the apartment appointed for the Kotāl. In the lock-up were confined criminals. Dacoits, bawds and thieves by thousands with feet manacled live upon alms. There sat the Kotāl Dhumaketu by name. Everywhere the place was ringing with activity, and it resembled Yama's abode. There were heard the sounds of Hāris and Korās, and skin fles to the air at the blows dealt with sounding

slippers. Some cry for quarter, some utter exclamations of "Ah" and "Alas ; some cry,—“O father, father, I die ; my life goes out of me.” None shows mercy from fear of the Kotāl. Witnessing this, Sundara remembered the Remover of fear. Bhārata says,—“Why do you fear so early ? When you will fall into a scrape, you will then understand matters.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

O beauteous king, do you proceed softly. With a sweet smile on your nether lip, you play on the goodly flute. Your person of the hue of a new-risen cloud, the rainbow radiant on the peacock's plumes on your head, you make the peacocks dance at the sheen of your yellow *dharā*. My *chakoras* of eyes have been bewitched on beholding this. Do you save me with an ambrosial smile beaming over your moon of a countenance. What you play daily is not good, being so daily played. Do you play the play that I tell you to do. Wherefrom do you acquire the glance that looks as Bhārata wishes ?

The Roy goes on leaving the post of the Kotāl behind him. He now sees thirty-six castes, and thirty-six manufactories. In the centre of the city are the royal demesnes, consisting of eight fairs, sixteen streets, and thirty-two bazars. Mad elephants

by numbers tied on pillars, move about their trunks, showering forth the temporal juice. The Prince sees by thousands Irakīs, and turbaned Turks, and Arabians, and sailors, and horses tied on pillars. Who can count the camels and the asses and the mules ? The monarch has been maintaining all kinds of birds and beasts found in the world. Sundara sees Brāhmanas engaged in reading the Vedas, Vyākaranas, lexicons, *smṛitis* and Darshanas. Every dwelling contains abodes of deities ; and every dwelling rings with the sounds of bells ; and every one is engaged in worshipping Siva or reading *Chandī*, or in sacrifice or festivity. The physicians feel pulses and discuss disease. They ply their practise and study the Ayurveda. The Prince sees varieties of earning Kāyasthas, jewellers, sellers of incense, dealers in gold, braziers, workers in conchs, milkmen, sellers of betel leaves, Tilis, weavers, makers of garlands, barbers, rearers of betel plants, Kuris, blacksmiths, potters, Agarīs, and other citizens ; Jugīs, Chāshādhobās, peasants, multitudes of Kaivartās, goldsmiths, carpenters, Nuris, washermen, fishermen, Guris, Chandālas, Bāgdis, Hāris, shoemakers, wine-sellers, Kurmis, Kongrās, Pods, Kapālīs, Teors, Kols, oilmen, fowlers, Bedes, gardeners, jugglers, Bāitis, painters, Kānas, courtezans, Bhāvakas, Bhaktiyās, jesters, and no end of dancers. Surveying the beauty of the city, Sundara broke forth into

expressions of applause. Before him he sees an inviting tank, with four brick-built and stuccoed flights of stairs and as many temples of Siva. And there were seated there in rows crowds of mendicants, having matted locks and their bodies rubbed with ashes. On the four banks were graceful gardens furnished with trees bearing blossoms. The air blows continually, laden with fragrance, and the water moves stirred by the air. Many water-fowls sport about. Hundreds of lotuses and lilies and Kahlāras and Kokanadas furnished with white, or red, or blue, or yellow petals, blow around. Dāhukās and Dāhukis, and Khanjanis and Khanjanas, and cranes male and female of various species, dance in glee. In the groves the feathered tribes are ever awake, chaunting strains inwoven of the six Rāgas and the six and thirty Rāginis. It seemed as if the god Kāma made this his metropolis and gave it the name of Varddhamāna. Beholding the town, Sundara felt his heart inspired with desire ; and he sighed forth the name of Vidyā. They say that water allays burning ; but the sight of this water increased its intensity ten-fold. He culled blown flowers both from land and water ; and having performed his ablutions, worshipped the feet of Siva and his spouse. He then broke open the pomegranate he had with him, and took a part himself and the rest gave to the parrot. Taking next a lotus, he smelt it, and anon He of the flowery bow shot his floral shaft.

With an agitated heart, he sat him down at the foot of a Vakula, and the fire in his bosom burned with two-fold intensity on his smelling the perfume of the flowers. Just at this juncture many a female of the city, accompanied by her associates, came to perform her ablutions. When their eyes lighted on Sundara, their clothes began to be loosened and fall off. Bhārata says,—“Do you fasten your cloths tight.”

THE REGRET OF THE FEMALES ON SEEING SUNDARA.

What a beautiful sight ! An exceedingly handsome one is at the foot of the Vakula tree. The Moon himself seems ensnared by his beauty ; and beholding him, Rati forgets her lord.

On beholding the Prince's surpassing beauty, the bebies of females were influenced by desire. The ornaments adorning their braids, their bodices, and the cloths fastened on their waists become loosened all of a sudden. They cannot go ; they glance significantly. One says to another,—“Do you see, my dear ? He melts the heart with the flame of Madana, sitting there underneath the Vakula tree. Ah me ! I can lay down my life to remove misfortune

from his path. Let me, blackening my line, adore him. I will, becoming a *yogini*, take him with me and flee away to the other shore of the ocean." Another says,—“My mind says that he will look well, if burning this novel gem of the world in the fire of amorous separation and melting it in blandishment, I can wear him beside my necklace.” A third says,—“I wish to put him into my bound braid along with the *champakā* flowers ; or straining his shining person of hue excelling turmeric, to bedaub my bosom with it. Fie upon Fate, that it has denied me such a peerless youth. Who knows for whom Fortune has meant him ? Her will I serve as a slave who will obtain this charmer for spouse. What insipid things shall I see on returning home ! My household I reckon for naught, my husband having fallen into decrepitude. My co-wife is a tigress ; my mother-in-law a vixen ; my husband's sister a very serpent filled with venom. That damsel is surely fortunate who will win this one as her husband ; she will sport in delight, her mind swimming in ecstacy. When she kisses this countenance, I know not what she does next. When these leaf-like hands will grace her bust during the carnival of *Kāma*, how will she contain herself, persisting in her jealous anger ? I fancy, in an unique dalliance, she wont stay to be solicited and drawn on.” *Bhārata* says that the union of a good soul with a gentle one is what is meet.



SUNDARA SEES A MALINI.

Such incomparable beauty is underneath the tree ! The desire burns in my breast to hang on my neck the captivating shining sable-hued one wearing garlands of various wild flowers. How charmingly he looks with *gunjās* ! Seeing his sable hue, the cloud sheds tears in the form of rain. The lightning rolls at his feet at the flowing end of his *dharā*. Ah ! mixing him up with musk, to put him in my braid, or converting him into collyrium, to paint my eyes with the same ! How can a woman contain herself on seeing him beholding whom Bhārata cannot keep patience, and the sight of whom makes the hearts of anchorets waver ?

Having thus conversed with each other, the females performed their ablutions and retraced their

steps homewards. As they went on, they, as if in absence, again and again cast their glances at Sundara, and went this way and that like birds in cages. Sitting underneath the Vakula tree, Sundara delightedly descourses the Scriptures with his parrot. The sun enters the setting-hill, and night arrives, when thither comes a certain Mālini. Her tongue was sharp as a diamond, and her name was Hirā. Her teeth were going to fall off, her waist waved, and a perpetual smile played upon her lips. Her mouth was filled with betel and nuts, and she wore a rosary of wood. *Karis* were stuck to her ears. She had become a widow while yet in her teens. Her speech was artful. Her hair was tied into a knot on the crown of her head, and she was clad in a white *Sīri*. She used to go from house to house with her flower-basket on her waist. She had many a manner at the first part of her age. Even now that she had grown old, the lees were still left. She was up in all kinds of *chhitās* and *phontās* and incantations. She subsisted herself by duping inexperienced folks; for she knew many a deceit. Quarrels she could call up by laying a net in the mere air; and no neighbour approached her apprehensive of the same. She walked slowly, and moved about her hands perpetually. She came to that neighbourhood for culling the evening flowers. Seeing Sundara, she lost her senses and exclaimed,—“Hari! Hari! Whose beloved child is

this ? Let me die, removing his bad luck. Kāma has no person, and exists not apart from Rati. If they assert this, after having beheld this one, then only can their words be taken as truthful. He may not be of these parts ; I find him in the guise of one living far. How could his mother bear to part with him ? I see he carries a Khungi enclosing a manuscript. He is probably a student. If he takes lodgings, I will take him with me." Then coming near, Hirā, with a smile, asks,—“Who are you ? Whither bound ? And where are your lodgings ?” Sundara replies,—“I profess learning. I have come to this city, but have not yet found quarters. My hope is the name of Kālī ; and my object is obtaining Vidyā. If I get good quarters, I am ready to put up.” “I am a poor Mālīni” rejoins the woman,—“My house is well-fenced, and I live all alone. Regularly I supply flowers to the palace. The king and the queen love me ; and I constantly visit the palace. If you do not scorn me because I am poor, I will give you lodgings. —Do you come to my house.” The Prince said,—“Kālī has granted me a direction. From this woman I shall learn all about Vidyā. I shall be able to hear of matters concerning her and at the same time, to make my views known to her. Through the happy circumstance attending my stay, my hope will meet with success. But the hag lives alone ; and she appears to be of bad ways. Lest she cherish evil intentions and turn weal into woe, I must at the very

outset address her as my mother's sister. I fear lest the woman call me her grandson." The Prince says,—“You give me lodgings and must be looked upon as my well-wisher. I am like your son, and you are my mother's sister like my mother herself.” Thereupon the Mālīni says,—“You are surely a clever good soul. You are my father, my child,—you are the god of my father.”

Bhārata says,—“You have secured good quarters. Let us repair to the Mālīni's dwelling, for then you will secure success.”



SUNDARA COMES TO THE MALINI'S PLACE.

Then cheerfully taking the name of Durgā, the poet taking his Khungi with the manuscript, went to the house of the Mālīni. It was enclosed on all sides with a high wall; and there were no lanes or alleys near the place. The umbrageous shades of the groves shut out the rays of the sun and the moon. There blow flowers of various kinds; and swarms of black-bees fly hither and thither and sit upon the blossoms. The coel continually warbles, and the bland air blows inspiring warmth in the hearts of saints. The Spring never forsakes this spot for a moment.

The poet was delighted to see this. He entered the mansion and took up his quarters in a chamber facing the south. The Mālīni was pleased at heart. Bringing many things, she entertained her guest properly. The Prince prepared dishes composed of various ingredients and partook of them ; and then passed the night in sleep.

The cool breeze blows ; the coel sings daintily. The Prince now arises remembering Durgā. Hard by was the river Dāmodara. That foremost of poets bathed in it ; and returning to his lodgings, addressed himself to worship. Plucking flowers and weaving garlands, the Mālīni, orderly placing them on her *sājī*, went to the palace. Having conversed with the king and the queen, and consigning the flowers to Vidyā, she returned to her house. Sundara says,—“My aunt, I have no servant male or female. Say, who will go a-marketing for me ?” The Mālīni thereupon replies,—“My father, why do you fear so ? I will go to the market to buy the necessaries. Spend money, and whatever you intend to have, on your letting me know it, I will immediately bring the same for you. *Chinrā* and curd cannot be had without cowries,—there is no friend save the cowrie : the cowrie can procure tiger’s milk. The cowrie enables an old man to marry : it is the love of the cowrie that makes a gentlewoman forget herself and rush upon ruin. My father, no work is unknown to this aunt of yours. Setting my net in the air, I can catch the Moon

himself, and by artifice I can bring the spouse herself of Kāma." The Prince says,—“You are my aunt.” Thereat Hirā replies,—“I am your servant : you call me aunt through your own goodness. Hari, with the view of passing away time, called Yasodā mother. This old men learn from the Purānas.” Hearing this, the Prince was well pleased, and gave her ten rupees, and then two for his day’s expense. Getting a handful of rupees, Hirā, accustomed to steal other’s money, took Sundara for a dolt. Putting the sum in her *jāmpi*, she took out copper and zinc coin, and went to the bazar for buying things. She proceeded moving about her hands. Hearing Hirā’s voice at a distance, the shopkeeper shuts up his shop from fear of her. Giving him base coin, she raises quite a tumult, saying,—“You rogue, my rupees are shining ones.” If she finds anyone not to be overreached, she wets the earth with her tears,—and the money-changer although honest, is made a thief. She mixes her base copper and zinc coin in the mass and says,—“You have exchanged my coin for yours.” With tears she goes to the Kotāl and brings the money-changer into a scrape. She counts the cowris with her two hands and takes up the tales. She bargains at a certain sum, but takes up twice the quantity bargained for. In quarrel, she is like a hurricane. Receiving a *pan*, she acknowledges having received only a *buri*, *akāh ana*, only four *pans*, and a rupee, only a four anna piece. Having thus made

bargains, she returns home and plays quite another part, and with a contorted face speaks sharply. Sundara took down her burden,—yet she would remain moody so long as she had not satisfied herself by a written account of her bargains. She severely reproaches those to whom she had paid prices for articles received. Thereat Sundara could not suppress his laughter. Laughing, Bhārata says, “Even this is as it ought to be : the aunt is worthy of the nephew.”

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MALINI'S BARGAINS.

O gallant, I have been to the fair of youthful damsels. They pierce the mind with thier speech.—Who wishes for profit ? It was difficult to realise the cost price. Who can repress them in such a matter ? The sellers, who are the milkmaids, sit in rows. They are the barks of love in the music-hall. At your word, I went with your rupees, thinking them to be genuine ones ; but they returned them saying that they were copper coin. Rādhā assents to this—she that enchants you. What will Bhārata say concerning that wily affair ?

“Do you, my child, take a written account of the expenses for the bargains and then say whether

your unnt is honest or otherwise. I fear lost you should say that the aunt reproaches the nephew, but all the rupees that you gave me were clift. I cannot express the shame I experienced at the fair. Such coin should only be given in gambling. You would then believe, if I revealed all in your presence, I changed them for two *kāhanas*, because the money-changer was an eater of bang. I bought *Sandes* at the rate of a seer for a *kāhana*, and I bought half-a seer, when I got the article. I have brought half a seer of sugar for eight *annas*. To others they give bad stuff; luckily I know the article. I found the rare sandal, *chuyā*, cloves, and nutmeg—the only cheap articles,—because they are of little use. Searching the fair through and through, I got clarified butter. What they ask for, they take; and they do not change their demand. For two *pans*, I have bought a *pan* of betel-leaves. It was I that got them for the sum; others cannot do so. Coming to the betel-nuts, I was struck dumb. Except the words, “I have not,” the vender has no other confounded word of his. Going to the other side of the river, I have brought milk, after undergoing a world of troubles. I have brought eight bundles of fire-wood for as many *pans*. The sellers of the same are wicked folks, and there is no repressing them. Asking for lime, I was on the point of being murdered. At length finding money failing, I could not buy the article, and therefore begged it.

Do you calculate, my child, writing on the ground with a piece of chalk ; lest you should say that your aunt has appropriated a portion of your money to her own use. Finding the articles rated so enormously, I find no words to reply, I guess that the prices will go on increasing more and more." Hearing this, the great poet says,—“Bhārata ! Bhārata ! Looking over the whole of Bhārata, I find none to equal Hirā”.

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SUNDARA'S CONVERSATION WITH THE MĀLINI.

When the Mālini had returned after having made purchases, the Prince cooked the articles, and partook of his food. Then he called the Mālini, addressing her,—“Anut ! Aunt !” After having finished her meal, Hirā came to him slowly. The Prince is lying down ; Hirā sat down beside him. Sundara questioned her concerning the king's household. “My aunt, you go daily to the Darbār. Do you tell me about matters pertaining to the palace,—I will

hear of them. What is the age of the king ? How many queens has he ? How many sons has the king, and how many daughters ?" Hirā says, "My child, I will tell you all about that. Do you first let me know who you are. You may be a prince considering your affluence and your state. I earnestly conjure you, do you not deceive me." Thereupon the Prince replied,—“What is the use of speaking deceitfully ? It must come out sooner or later ; it cannot remain hid. You may have heard that there is a city in the South called Kānchipura. In it reigns the king Gunasindhu by name. My name is Sundara. I am the son of that king. I have come for Vidyā. This is all I have to say concerning myself”. Startled at this, Hirā bowing down her head, said —“Noble sir, you must forgive my fault, My beloved father, my child, may bad luck be far from you. ! O my worshipful one, you have addressed your servant as your aunt. So long as you will kindly stay at my house, this I will I beg of thee—do you take no offence for any fault on my part. Now I will let you know all in detail. Do you listen attentively. I know everything internal or external concerning the king. He is arrived at ripe manhood, and has one queen. He has five sons—all having youthful wives. The king has one unmarried daughter named Vidyā. It is difficult to describe her beauty and her perfections. If Lakshmi and Saraswati become united, and if the chief of celestials beholds, and the monarch of

snakes relates, I do not know whether they can exhaust beholding or relating. Do you understand what little I can say." This Annadā-Mangala has been composed by that best of bards, that abode of virtues, the auspicious Bhārata Chandra Roy.

DESCRIPTION OF VIDYA'S BEAUTY.

The youthful damsel, who captivates the gallant, has transcendent grace. She charms the autumnal festival when the face of the Earth is so fair ; and she gladdens the lotus-grove. She goes like an elephant ; she sports in groves ; and her eyes shame the *khanjāna*. She speaks in the tones of the coel and is sweet-speeched like Saraswati herself. She is the swan on the mental Mānasa of Bhārata—that one taking pleasure in the delightful sports of Rāsa.

“At sight of Vidyā's knotted braid, aggrieved, the she-serpent in grief seeks the hole. Who can say that the autumnal Moon is comparable to that face of hers ? Many moons have fallen on her toe-nails. Vain is the pride of Kāma in his bow. Can it compare with Vidyā's eyebrows ? Kāma is charmed with their grace. Her liquid glances have robbed the deer of the surface of his eyes, and the spotted Moon weeps taking his deer on his lap. Who would

compare Kāma's shafts with the side-looks of Vidyā ? In bitterness these resemble Kotis of Kālakutas. What is the use of rubbing a pearl chain with vermillion ? Her teeth deck hers with a vermeil taint. The gods and the Asuras wage perpetual war for the possession of ambrosia. Therefore the Deity in fear hid it in Vidyā's mouth. The Lotus-born one created the elegant lotus stalk. But beholding Vidyā's arms, He put thorns upon it, and drowned it in water. How much does the high mountain-summit exceed her bust in height ? The Kadamva flower shudders and the pomegranate bursts. As Kāma entered her navel, Vidyā's Sambhu of a bust has caught hold of his locks in the shape of down. How slender the *damaru* and the waist of a lion are is perceived in the hand of Hara and at the feet of Gauri. Who says that Ananga's body cannot be seen ? Let him that has eyes see the waist of Vidyā. The Earth herself has been converted into clay at sight of Vidyā's hips, and she up to this day trembles at times. Seeing her thighs the trunk of the elephant and the plantain tree have acknowledged them as their patterns in plumpness. He that has not witnessed Vidyā's gait, admires that of the swan or the elephant. The hue of gold is superior to that of turmeric or the *champak* ; but on beholding Vidyā, gold burns itself in fire. The Lightning alone could be compared with her ; but what shall I say ? She is never still for a moment from fear. When Vidyā is

decked out in attire and ornaments, *kotis* of Kandar-pas with their Ratis shed tears at the sight and die in delight. The black-bee learns humming on hearing the tinkling of Vidyā's bracelets ; and her voice in five notes gives lessons to the she-coel. I just give you a cursory description of her beauty as I have found it. What shall I say concerning her perfections ; for I fail to comprehend them ? This I know only that she has made one promise,—he that will defeat her in learning, will be accepted by her as her husband. The messengers carry the news to various countries. Many princes come and go away, meeting with complete discomfiture. From this, I infer that as her beauty, so is her worth. Whenever any prince hears of the matter, he comes hither and then wends back. This marriage resembles that of Sitā, touching which the vow had been made about the breaking of the bow. The king and the queen pass their days in anxiety as to what the outcome will be. Her age is fifteen or sixteen. If a bridgroom comes who is both Lakshmi and Saraswati in one, then only is their honor saved. You are certainly the son of a king ; but if you can defeat her in a contest, I shall then give you credit. If you agree, I will communicate your wish to the king and the queen." The Prince replies,—
"My aunt, why do you worsen matters ? Let me first see how far Vidyā's learning goes. I fear lest I be defeated and the entire Gour laugh at the

sight. You daily supply Vidyā with garlands. Do you one day take a garland strung by me. I shall stick a note to the garland as a feeler; even as one knows the mind of the householder by shaking the hedge. If I can understand her thoughts, I shall be at the necessary pains." Hirā smiles consent with a "Well." "I have hooked the fish. Where will it go now?" The day is spent in talk, and the night in sleep. Early in the morning, Bhārata busies himself with stringing the garland.

Bhārata Chandra sings at the mandate of Krishna Chandra. Let all exclaim, "Hari, Hari."

—on—

The Part of Tuesday is finished.

THE STRINGING OF THE GARLAND.

What a beautiful and charming garland does the beautiful one string! He strings without thread, yet it looks exceeding lovely, and is capable of being used in Kāma's sweet worship.

The Mālinī brings her load of flowers—the crown and consummation of the delightful grove resembling Nandana itself. The Prince is skilled in many

modes of stringing ; and Kali is his help. The flowers-sprung one is his servant ; the air blows tenderly ; the male and the female black bee hum charmingly. Surely the king's daughter will be captivated. For worshipping Siva and the daughter of the mountain king's there are wreaths of *Amlakī* leaves, the bright Java-image of the Sun, the lily, the Mallikā, the Bāndhuli, the Piuli, the Mālatī, the Jāti, the Kunda, the Krishnakali, the Danā, the rose, the Scuti indigenous and English, the Achu, the Kurchi, the Dhutura, the Atasi, the Aparājita, the Chandra-mukhi, and the Suryyamukhi exceedingly elegant. Bhārata composes this floral lay surcharged with humour.

THE COMPOSITION OF A FLOWERY KAMA, WITH SLOKAS.

The gardner strings a graceful garland—even the sable-hued one complexioned like the cloud, bearing a garland of wild flowers. Both Rati and Kāma are caught in the captivating springe, and they inflame the heart with the fire of separation. On whichever side you cast your eyes, you meet with showers of blossoms ; and these enchant, by pouring the honey of love. The nose is composed of a sesame blossom, and the fingers are of Champakas, and the eyes made of lotuses attract Kāma. The pride of her Kunda teeth is humbled by the Bāndhuli nether lip. Bhārata is bewitched. Excellent ! Excellent !

The Prince thinks within himself,—“What skill shall I put forth in the garland? Let me display some skill incapable of being comprehended by others.” Taking Keyā flowers, he makes a cup like one made of leaves, and in it sets layers of Mallikās and Vakulas. In the middle he makes an image of Him of the flowery bow, and places beside him a Rati having a floral frame. Of Aparājitās the Prince makes the hair, and makes the face of lotuses. With Tila flowers he composes the nose; and the lips with Bāndhulis. Taking Champaka petals, he makes the fingers; and Indivaras, he composes the fair eyes. He makes the arms with lotus-stalks, depriving these of thorns; and with Kanaka Champakas, he makes the body. With Sthala Padmas, he composes those lotus feet. With Pārulas he makes a dainty quiver; and puts in the same Ranganas with the stalks on. The bow is of flowers; of flowers the string; and of flowers also the shafts.—He places these in Kāma’s hands, and fixes him with his bow at full stretch with the arrow set. Then he deftly placed this contrivance so within the cup, that the shaft will fly and pierce Vidyā’s bosom. At length writing down on a Keyā leaf a curious couplet relating to himself, he put it in the device. “If any one is of low caste, the Holder herself of wealth adores him for his wealth. I covet her whose thighs are shapely as the trunk of the young of an elephant and who is learned in varied lore. Counting twice

the 2nd and the 5th letter of the first three feet, you will get my name. For further information, you will learn everything from what the Mālini will tell you." Putting in the Sloka and covering the casket, he entrusts Hirā with it. He told her of the entire contrivance, and desired her to show it to Vidyā. The morn had advanced, and Hirā was filled with apprehension. Taking the flowers, she went to the king's residence. To others she gave the garlands that she had herself composed—to Vidyā she handed that which was strung by Sundara. "Vidyā is sitting on her seat of worship", says Bhārata to Hirā with rolling eyes.

VIDYA REPRIMANDS THE MALINI.

"Hear, O Mālini ! What is this thy conduct ? Dost thou not cherish any fear in thy heart ? The morn has so far advanced, and still I have not performed my devotions. I burn with hunger and thirst. Through whose favour hast thou come by this audacity ? Tomorrow I will teach thee before my mother. Thou hast grown old ; yet

thou hast not cast off thy coquetry. Although a widow, thou lookest like a bull. Perhaps thy lover held high revel with thee yesterday night ; and it is for this that thou hast risen from thy bed so late. See, see, how far advanced it is. Dost thou slight me because I am a girl ? But what will my censure do thee ? I will teach thee tomorrow by communicating this to my father." Hirā trembles very much from fear and tears trickle down her face. Crying, she said, "My princess, pray hear me. Do you forgive my fault. I am yours. It grew late because I strung elegantly today. Do I ever neglect your business ? I did not understand that Fate had spread a net for me : doing good, I am considered as one that has done wrong. I took trouble to enhance my credit. But my labour has been in vain ; and it was a folly on my part". This humiliation put Vidyā in good humour : her wrath departed and she was again in spirits. Vidyā says,—“Let me see the elegant garland, my grandma. This stringing can never be yours. Hast thou received thy youth back, or has any friend of thine taught thee ?” With tears in her eyes, Hirā says,—“Does youth or life, when gone, ever return ? My waist is not slender, and my bust is dried up. Seeing what, will any friend come to me ? Do you leave off calling me grandma. I know all full well ; you pour water on a tree after having hewn its trunk. The favor of the great is as a causeway of sand : now they bind one’s hands with a

rope, and now they place the very moon in them. Do you see what the casket contains. What is the use of tarrying here ? I must be off." Vidyā opens the casket. The device is set in motion, and the flowery shaft pierces Vidyā in the breast. The damsel starts on beholding the contrivance ; and she becomes further agitated on reading the Sloka. Her frame fills with humour. Bhārata asks Hirā.

VIDYA BESEECHES THE MALINI.

"O Hirā, I charge thee, say, by what skill have you made this contrivance ? What is that one like that has composed this ? Do you tell me in detail ?" Hirā replies,—“Pray, why do you again and again discharge at me the flowers of fondness ? What is the use of saying it ? I understand all. It is a mistake of my own judgment. This beauty of thine,—this burthen of youth,—and still thou art unwedded. I perpetually think where I shall secure a bridegroom. My heart bursts at the thought. Him that will defeat thee, you will marry,—what girl says this ? When will you get him that will

defeat thee ? Does youth remain under such circumstances ? The frame burns in the intense heat of summer ; what do the rains that succeed avail ? Seeing thee and exercised by such thought, I do not relish food or drink. Getting a good youth,—a king's son—I have kept him on pretence. His abode is Kāñchipura. He is named Sundara—an excellent poet, capable of conquering the earth, the son of Gunasindhū, a mighty monarch—the king of kings. Deceiving his parents, he ranges alone, conquering the quarters. Finding him on the way, I have kept him persuadingly. From affection he calls me 'Aunt ! Aunt !' I have adequately given him to understand the import if you vow. Hearing it, he smiled and said, 'What is the difficulty of winning a girl ?' For the purpose of getting an inkling of your ways and modes of thought, he has made this flowery device. Writing down matters relating to himself, he has caused the delay. Retaining the gallant on your account, I have reaped reproach. He for whom I commit theft, calls me a thief". Saying this Hirā pretends to depart. Laying an oath on her head, Vidyā catches hold of the border of Hirā's cloth, "My offence amounts to this that I have said that you pass the night with your gallant. I have said this because I am entitled to say it. Having inflamed love's fire, you wish to go away, pushing me aside, thou old hag, intent upon killing thy grand-child. How can your feet go ? You will go afterwards. Come. Sit ! Sit ! My grandma. Tell me

what he is like. What is it that thou hast said, and what a maze you have led me into ! My mind is wandering". Seeing her disconsolate, the captivating Hirā speaks in her ear,—“He is a gallant possessed of beauty: he is an ocean of qualities. He has no equal. His countenance is like the moon deprived of his spot. He has a soft growth of mustache. It looks like the black bees reposing on the full-blown lotuses. His ears docked with pearls shame those of the vulture, and Rati's husband, having rolled up his net as well as his bow-string, has placed it at the end of his eyebrow. To taste the sweets of his lips resembling Vimbus, those *khanjnas*, his eyes, are ever restless. In the middle, shoving them aside, that parrot of Madana,—his nose, rears itself. His arms reaching his knees seem as if they were Kāma's golden sceptres. His heart is the home of sweets and on it are displayed gems sprung on serpents' hoods. His navel is as if it were the pond for those *safaris* to dwell in, the hearts of females. Beholding his manner, my love blooms, albeit I am old. He calls me his aunt. That is my protection.” Bhārata is the cream of humour.



THEY SEE EACH OTHER.

What, O Mālini, hast thou said ? Tell it to me over again. My person swims in humour; my mind—it reels; my frame—it shivers ; my body trembles again and again ; my heart is feverish ; my eyes are brimful of tears. Renouncing society and hurling the thunderbolt on the head of my line, I will devote myself to the lord of Vraja. Come. Come. I can not remain at home. My mind is disconsolate ; my heart cannot bear it any longer, listening to the coel warbling mellowly. I must see the sable-hued king. I must sell myself at his golden feet. Thinking of his, Bhārata is overflowing with sentiment.

Vidyā says,—“O Hirā, I conjure thee. Canst thou not anyhow manage to show him to me ?

I understand by guess that he will defeat me. If I defeat him I shall lose him ; if I am defeated, I come off victorious. Everyone of those that came with the hope of winning my hand, although the son of a king, is a clown in the royal line. Can Vidyā's mind be possessed by such persons ? This is Vidyā's lord,—they the slaves of ignorance. Perhaps, he that will win, is this very individual. If the Deity denies the treasure, who can confer it on us ? I had ruined myself by the vow : who ever thought that I should marry ? Perhaps, after so many days, Siva has been propitious to me ; perhaps, Bhagabati makes the bridal blossom to bloom." She conferred on Hirā a necklace of diamonds, and said,—“You must make him acquainted with the state of things, knowing it yourself, and tell him all about it. Consider the means by which you will show him to me. The car is stationed in front of my *Bālākhānā*. Do you tell him to stand beside it. Then you must inform me of it. By this means I shall attain a sight of him.” The Prince had sent Vidyā a Rati and a Kāma composed of flowers. Vidyā thinks as to what reply she should give. The chaste damsel, by way of signifying the attainment of desire, retains the Kāma—and signifying the granting of fruition, sends the Rati ; and finding the handsome Sundara's name in the curious couplet, she wrote down her own name, Vidyā, in another :

“To the lotus of poesy you are, O you of lofty

aims, the Sun. The celestials say that your like is not to be found on earth. Count thrice the second and the third letter, and you will get my name linked with three several meanings. For the rest, the Mālīni will tell you everything". Having thus dismissed Hirā, Vidyā sat down to worship with a reverent mind. Before she had finished her worship, she asked for a boon. On contemplating the goddess, she saw Sundara. As she offered *pādya* and *arghya* and a seat to the goddess, she offered them to her bridegroom ; as she placed a fragrant garland on the neck of the goddess, she thought as if she placed it on her bridegroom's neck. As she went round the goddess, she thought as if she went round her own bridegroom. She was exceedingly agitated ; and the worship was defective. Seeing her flurried, the goddess addressed her from the sky,— "Thy bridegroom has come to the house of the Mālīni. Do not fear because the worship has not been satisfactorily rendered. I have received every thing, as I am present throughout the universe." Hearing this aerial voice, Vidyā felt as if she received the very heaven in her hand ; and she understood that Kālī granted her her wish.

On the other hand, arriving at her house, the Mālīni communicated everything to Prince Sundara. "Hear me, child. She will behold you with a candid heart. She has fixed the site of the car as that of the assignation." Saying this, Hirā took Sundara

with her. Placing him near the car, she communicates the matter to Vidyā. Thereupon the latter hurriedly went to see Sundara. Signing with her finger, Hirā shows each to the other. The enchanting damsel is beholding him with winkless eyes,—seeing this, the spouse of Kāma is rejoiced. They behold each other at an auspicious moment. Who can know the thoughts that spring up in their hearts, when the good meet with the good? How shall I employ similies, imaging reversed relations?—the Kumudini was above, and her friend was below. Falling in the nooses of each other's eyes, they are fettered in each other's mind. Exchanging mentally mental garlands, they seek their quarters, each carrying away the heart of the other. It was a hard task for them to go home turning away their eyes. Bhārata knows that love is a ticklish business.

CONSULTATION FOR BRINGING SUNDARA

Taking flowers in the morning, Hirā hies herself to the palace. Sundara remains in expectation of her return. Vidyā rises from her bed. She talks only

on that subject in all manner of ways : Women are men eight times over. Hira says,—“Worshipful ene, what need of this whispering work ? The sooner this auspicious affair be completed, the better. Do you bestir yourself ; tell it to the king and the queen ; and bring light to the dark chamber.” “Hush ! hush !” cries Vidyā,—“If the king hears this, I do not know weather this marriage will take place at all. Gunasindhu is a mighty monarch and his son goes in this guise. My father wont believe it. The Bhāt has gone to his place to bring him over. If he had come, the Bhāt must have accompanied him ; soldiers would have come in his train—and the news would have been briuted in Rār and Banga. Does the door close upon a fair ? If father consider it thus, it must be unaccomplished, and the prince will go to another country. Everything will be spoilt. You are possessed of sense. You yourself say what will be for me ? Therefore I say let the marriage be consummated clandestinely anyhow. Let that which Kālī does take place at last.” Hirā shudders, and says, “If you marry secretly, this cannot be concealed. Villfiers range every direction ; the queen is like a tigress ; the king like Time at the dissolution of all. The Kotāl, Dhumiketu, ever seeks mischief. Calamity will befall us in the twinkling of an eye ; you will lose your honour ; I shall lose my caste with my life ; and this disgrace will

spread from land to land, Your hand-maids will come to grief. What will you say to your mother ? Think but what the consequences will be. Warders are stationed at the gates. How will you bring him in ? I do not find any means, much as I think over it. People will come to know of it ; they will be dragging me ; and you will bring ruin upon the head of another's son. Each of these maids of yours rates herself highly. I bow to them mentally. One thing is in their mouths,—and another in their hearts. They are sharp as razors ; and they will publish it by innuendoes and insinuations." Vidyā says,—“Why, O Hirā, do you speak this over and over again ? Why do you fear my maids ? They eat my food and wear my cloth. What I bid them do they do. They never act contrary to my wish.” The maids say,—“Why, O Hira, do you fear ? Where are maids found to act independently of their mistress ? Our mistress is stricken with the pangs of separation. You will unite her with her lover. Can anything be more desirable ? Who has two heads upon her shoulders, that she will reveal the secret, when our mistress will gain the object of her attachment ? This much we know that we will supply sandal, *chuyā*, flowers, betels, and nuts.” Vidyā says,—“Leave it alone. Do you go and tell him how it stands. He will find out his way. When Kāli will smile, we shall meet together ; as water comes to the cocoanut. Tell that best of poets to come to

my chamber as best he may. Then being defeated, I will become his wife ; as Krishna won Rukmini. All the kings sit around,—now comes Sisupāla ; and Rukmini's brother and father are for conferring her upon Sisupāla. Rukmini has given her heart to Krishna. Nārāyana descended from the air ; and thus was the union effected. Even so my mind always seeks his company. But I fear my parents and brothers. Let him becoming Hari, steal me away. This is my request at his feet." Saying this, that one of an excellent disposition dismissed Hirā. Hirā went and told Sundara everything. The Prince says,—“What do you say ? How shall I go there ?” Bhārata is anxious about this.

THE EXCAVATION.

Victory to Chāmundā ! Victory to Chāmundā with her hands respectively bestowing boons, removing fear, and holding human heads. Her tongue lolls out continually ; her teeth knash ; and the battle-field is filled with the heads of Asuras. She laughs grimly, she speaks sternly, and cuts the trunks of the elephants of foes with her finger-nails. Her hair floating about, in terrible guise, she offers oblations of Dānavas into the sacrificial ground represented by her mouth. The lips of that best of bards—Bhārata—celebrate the praises of Hari capable of removing the dirt of Kali.

Sundara finds no means of going to Vidyā's chamber. The Kotāl is a fierce character ; and sentries are stationed at the gates. Not a bird can enter,—how can a man do so ? He thought of every expedient, but finding no way, he remembered Kali's feet ; and sat down to worship her. The Mālini supplies him with the desirable articles. He finishes his worship and then addresses himself to hymning the goddess. "Thou art, O Kāli, the bride of Kāla. Thou wearest a garland of skulls. Do thou, Kalikā, have mercy upon thy disconsolate servant. Do thou, O doer of good, do good unto me, forgiving this feeble one. I am aggrieved, I am afflicted with sorrow, thinking of the slender-framed one". Becoming propitious to him at the hymn, she communicated to the Prince the way in which the excavation was to be made. Describing in detail on a copper plate the manner in which the excavation was to be made, she dropt a thieving spike from the air. After having performed his devotions, he took the spike, and reciting a Mantra he breathed upon it, and laid it on the ground. "O spike, thou hast been forged by Visāi. Kālikā has commanded thee to pierce the earth and dig. Do thou cut earth and stone, cut off bones, cut bricks, and cut wood and the ground and rock. Do thou by the boon of Annadā, make a passage between Vidyā's chamber and the abode of the Mālini, by cutting a way under the earth. Let the clay of the subterranean

passage being cut a way, fly in the wind as dust by the command of Kamākhyā and the benison of Chandī, the daughter of a Hārī”

Do you witness the wonder effected by the power of Kālikā : an underground passage is completed between Vidyā's chamber and the house of the Mālīni. It was five hands in height and half as many in width. Gems burning at spots dispell the darkness. And it is on account of this that Sundara was called a thief. This Annadā Mangalā is composed by the twice-born Bhārata.



VIDYA'S PINING AND THE EN- TRANCE OF SUNDARA.

For the purpose of going to Vidyā's house, Sundara cheerfully attires himself elegantly. What shall I say of his grace capable of captivating Rati herself? Madana himself is overpowered with shame. Sundara sets off having beautifully adorned his person and in the guise of a bridegroom. The youthful gallant was an ocean of love and was completely up in the mysteries of courtship. His heart is tremulous with a soft langour. This moment he looks forward, and that he looks back. His frame is languid from lassitude. Now he starts, and now he pushes

on, thinking what will be the outcome of his visit. "I know not seeing me act like a thief, what attitude she takes up."

On the other hand, the beautiful damsel in company with her maids is plunged in thought. "How will that one come here and take away the dart of suffering ? There are as my warders as there are entrances ; not a bird can pass through. If any one brings him on an arial car, I cannot determine whether he will succeed. What am I to do, O Sulochanā ? How will you bring him ? Not seeing him, my heart bursts. To whom shall I express the pain that exercises my mind ? The lunar disc showers down poison,—the sandal paste feels like fire. Camphor and betel impart me extreme pain. Music and dancing grate. The floral garland piercing like needles, tries my body sore. The soft breeze, appearing like the thunder-clap, makes my frame tremble frightfully. The warbling of the coel and the hum of the *bhramara* pierce my ear like shafts. My ornaments resembling live coals, burn my body. This blue apparel bites me cruelly, like a venomous she-serpent. My bed is like a rack, and my attire is as my death—how can this sinful wretch live ? As the night advances, I burn in anguish,—what is the scorpion's sting ? A moment seems a year, the twinkling of an eye is as a period of universal dissolution. How can this girl live ?" Now she is in bed,—anon on the ground,

and then in the lap of a companion momentarily swoons away. Her maids restore her to consciousness, saying,—“Thy love as about to come.” She was passing the night in this plight, when Sundara swiftly rose from the hole, like a moon risen on the earth. Seeing this, Vidyā’s companions were startled and Vidyā was frightened. And they seemed like a bevy of female cranes at sight of a male one. “What is this ? What is this that we see, wench ?” and they eye one another. “Is he a celestial or a Dānava,—a *Nāga* or a mortal ? How has he come here ? The door is motionless, and not a particle of dust is shaken down. How has this person come ?” Bhārata says,—“You do not know this one ?—He is Sundara, Vidyā’s bridegroom.”

VIDYA MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SUNDARA.

What a wonder is it that we see ? Such beauty is capable of captivating the earth. How and by what way has this prince of gallants come ? I do not find any one comparable to him. He is as a well that can enchant Madana himself. He is present everywhere ; yet none has seen him, The Vedas say that he is peerless. The Deity has brought the treasure of Bhārata. Tell it not. Hush ! hush !

At Vidyā's command, her companion Sulochanā says,—“Who are you that have come here ? Are you a celestial, or a Gandharba, a Yakha, or a Nagā, or a mortal ? Speak the truth, pray. We are women, and have got frightened.” Sundara replied, —“Lady, why do you fear ? I am neither a celestial, nor an *upadeva*. In Kānchipur there lives a monarch named Guṇasindhu. I am his son—my name is Sundara. I have come to the daughter of your master. I have put up at the house of the Mālini, Hirā. The Bhāt had conveyed tidings of Vidyā's promise. Having I heard of it, I have come to see the play. What literary dispute will take place between us ? I find injustice at first sight. You do not receive a guest that has presented himself. Now that I have come, I will sit if you inspire confidence by cheering me up.” Hearing this, the beauteous one ordered a seat to be placed for Sundara. Having sat down, Sundara began to indulge in some excellent quips ;—“I find Vidyā's court to be a curious one. The lightning is confined in a noose of cloth. The stars seek to hide the full moon. The flowing end of the cloth strives to pen up the perfume of the lotus. Can the gleam of the ruby be shut up in a cloth ? As soon as I have seen her, I have conquered ; yet I fear to say it, lest, having vanquished, I be considered defeated by the judgement of the country. She that excels ambrosia by her speech and the

moon by her face,—the lightning by her laugh and Hara by her bust,—she that has defeated so many in contention, lo ! has been defeated at the hands of Shame. Why does she vow to argue, that being defeated by Shame, is dum-founded ? When we shall meet with Rati, we shall see who defeats and who is defeated.” Thereat, affected with greater shame she of a beautiful countenance hangs down her head. “My friends” says Sundara, “you bear me witness.” Thereupon one of them replied,—“Sir, you are a great poet. What power have I to return a reply to your speech ? The worthy consort with the worthy, and the worthless with the worthless. Where does worth consort with demerit ? If I speak, it will produce a result which I do not think of. The diamond coming in contact with the horn of a ram is rendered blunt. What shall I say ? The daughter of my lord is influenced by shame,—else, O prince, you would have recieved a fit reply.” Hearing this, Sundara says with a smile,—“Ask the daughter of your lord and see what reply she makes.” Addressing her companion, Vidyā says in a soft tone,—“The thief has stolen my heart by making a hole in my chamber. It is not my vow to discuss the philosophy of thieving. What good person ever argues with a thief ?” Sundara says,—“Good is the justice of this realm. Does a thief, reversing the natural state of things, bind the house-holder ? She

that has stolen my mind by her side-glance, calls me a thief, because I seek her by digging the ground. Who does not recover his property by apprehending the thief? But I will give to my thief what is left me." Thus the two make repartees with each other,—each thinking as to what was to be done. Just then a peacock cried near the chamber. Vidyā asks her companion,—“What cries?” Hearing this, Prince Sundara understands the secret import of the question, and knows that she asks him, seeming to ask her companion. He hastens to reply. Bhārata recites the Sloka,—do you, O fair lady, listen.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN VIDYĀ AND SUNDARA.

“O wench, do you see, and you will find the dictionary giving several meanings to the word *Go*. In this *Slokā*, *go* means, *lion*, the *eye*, and *earth*. O thou of a waist like that of the lion, O decreed damsel, the sober Indra of a thousand eyes—the chief of the celestials,—his servant,—the Cloud, rumbles deep. Hearing the roaring of the Cloud, the peacock, which feeds upon the snake having eyes

for ears, dances on the mountain-summit, filled with love." Hearing this, the lady gladly interprets the Sloka in various ways. "I understand he is a great poet by the grandeur of the Sloka. But one doubt I must dispell. I don't know whether he has made it now, or had learnt it before by rote. If I ask him again, and if he recites the same, then he must surely have got it by rote". Thinking thus, Vidyā addressing her companion, said,—“I have not heard or understood anything, having been absent.” Sundara says,—“If you lend your attention, I will recite you as much as you wish :—

“Fire eats up its own birth-place. His flame emits smoke to the sky and gives birth to the cloud. Hearing its roar, the love-lorn one finds himself imperilled. You know, the serpent feeds on air, and the peacock subsists on the serpent. The enemy of darkness is the moon. He who has the moon's image on his neck has cried.”

Hearing the *sloka* the mind of the fair one swims in humour. What defeat could be greater than this ? The discourse between one learned person and another are waves of humour. In course of talk, arise subjects relating to the Scriptures, —Vyākaraṇa, Dictionary, *belles lettres*, the drama, Rhetoric, and the Practicable, and religious practice, and him that practises so. Madana Panchānana becomes the umpire,—with him the six seasons and the six *darsanas*, the coel, the *bhramara*, the moon, and the southern

air, and the peacock, the Chrkora, and other pupils. Sundara questioned her regarding the soul ; and Vidyā knew not how to reply. She remembered *kotis* of discussions, yet she could not decide the point put. The Vedānta is monotheistic, the Tarka dualistic, and she could not decide it in the least by laying the *minānsā* even under contribution. She can say nothing particular of Vaishesika ; and as regarded the Pātanjala, she confessed herself defeated by raising her clasped hands to her forehead. What will Sāṅkya avail in ascertaining the ego ? And she was not versed in Purānas, or Samhitas, or the Smritis of Manu. She found no other way of deciding the point than resorting to Sruti ; but women are not entitled to discuss Sruti. Vidyā was dumbfounded on hearing the discussions on Sruti. The Bhāttachāryya in the middle pronounced her defeated. If she endeavours to bring to recollection a word or two, he in the midst interposing, makes her forget the same. Sundarā asks,—“Lady, what is the Decision ?” Vidyā says,—“What the Vedānta says is right : what the other works say is a thorny bushwood. The solution of the problem is to be found in Vadarāyana.” The Prince rejoins,—“Then you and I are one soul.” Vidyā replies,—“I am defeated and you are my husband.” At an auspicious moment, taking off her chain, the king’s daughter gave it to her bridegroom, making Hara and Gauri her witnesses. Bhārata Chandra Roy

hastily says, — “Marry, O bridegroom and bride. The night is going to be spent.”



COMMENCEMENT OF THE LOVES OF VIDYA AND SUNDARA.

The youthful lover and his lass make love. What will the fear of shame do any more? They find time; they give themselves up to sport;—the coel and his mate sing. The frames are bursting with humour; the nether lip is upon the nether lip. The black bee and her companion hum merrily. Her companions together sing gladsome strains,—Ananga's body is tremulous with emotion. Rādhā Krishnas' *Rāsa*, is this. There is laugh and joke. Bhārata is filled with delight

Unless they marry, how can they know each other? They perform the marriage mentally and with side-glances. The bride herself the bestower of the bride, and the bridegroom, the bestower of the bridegroom. He of the five arrows was the Bhattāchāryya priest. The friends of the bridegroom and the bride were the six Seasons; and bracelets and Kinkinis play the part of musicians. *Vesaras* dance, and bangles sing; and Rati herself having come there became the *Eyo*. Many a "O fie" representing a hand-maid, takes to its heels on feeling the heat of sighs resembling fireworks. Their eyes and nether lips and hands and hips and legs—the relatives of each other, feast merrily. O clever one, do you understand this secret sport. Hereafter you will get it expressed. The youth and the youthful lady gladly sit beside each other. Witnessing the grace, Rati and her husband fall at their feet. A companion of Vidyā places pots containing rose water, atar, Chuyā, Kecara, Kasturi, sandal, and other perfumes. On a golden plate she places garlands of Mallikās, Mālatis, and Champakas. And she places inspissated milk, sugar, sugar-candy, Sandesas, and various other things, with an unripe cocoanut. She places cool Ganges water scented with camphor, fans made of peacocks' plumes, and handsome Chouris. She puts sweet betels, and sweet unts, and stone lime, tying them up in folds. And she puts cloves, and cardamums, and Jayitri and nutmeg,

capable of increasing virile energy. It is the first of Bysakh of the lighted fortnight. The fragrant breeze is blowing gently and the moon is cloudless. The coel and his mate joining their bills engage in sport, and warble well. The black bee and his love, having drunk honey, so delightfully hum, joining their mouths. Having drunk the moon's nectar, the Chakora gaily plays with his mate, their senses down in langour. At a signal from Vidyā, her maids begin to sing and play on instruments. Some one sounds the *mandirās*, some one plays on the *mridanga* discoursing Vasanta with the six *Rāginīs*. They play on the *vinā* and the flute and the *tām-burā* and the *Rubāb* and the *Kapinās* and the *Saptaswarā*; and develope music. Ghunghurs tinkle at their fingers; and they play on Mochangs and wake the sentiment of amour.

The music is composed of Murchahhanās, Grāmas, and Srutis. The poet learned in music is bewitched on listening to the performance. Losing his senses on hearing the music of Vidyā's companions, the Prince began to sing, playing on the *Vinā*. On hearing Sundara's song, the beauteous one was charmed; and she commenced to sing herself in unison with the tones of the *Vilā*. Each was charmed with the execution of the other. Madana engages in sport with embraces. Finding the two intent upon play, the companions of Vidyā fly away, leaving their instruments. Shame flees from shame, and fear

casts out fear. The ābode of worth says that desire has brought on desire.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF SPORT.

The king's son bursting with genial humour, his cloth falls off from his waist. He took the youthful one up on his breast,—it seemed as if a maddened elephant caught the Lotus. He kissed her face, standing to it in the relation in which the *Chakora* stands to the Moon. The damsel prevents him by stopping her mouth with the end of her cloth; the lotus-buds on her bust in the hands of the prince of poets. The youthful fair one shivers with delight, as Sundara lays seige upon them. The king's son deprives her of her covering and the lady catches hold of her lover's hand. Beseechingly holding with her own the lotus-hand of Sundara, the youthful one piteously says,—“Forgive me, my husband, my friend, my beloved. New-sprung youth is not to be forced. What will Rati say, knowing this? My lord, forgive me to-day. It shall be consummated on the morrow. You are well versed in the warfare of love. Have pity: do not hurt me. Why do you

hold my feet ? I will hold yours. If you employ strength, it will break my heart. You will gather honey if I blossom by degrees. Say what will be the gain by pressing the bud ? Friend, if you cannot contain yourself, do you drink honey in some other full-blown flower. No joy can ensue if you use force. The black-bee does not wrangle with the bud. See, my bust has been scratched by your nails. It burns and bleeds, and I am in affliction. O ocean of consideration, O gallant, I tell you, do not play the rake ; be kind to me." Hearing this, Sundara says to the fair one,—“My frame burns at the shafts of the mind-born one. You, my love, are the lotus, and I am the Sun. Do not fear; have pity upon me. On the head of the Sambhu of your bust, my nails representing moonlight, look exceedingly beautiful. Do you renounce false pretence. On the golden pitcher of your bust, how very graceful do the blood streaks by the gorgeous corals look ? Fear wont leave you, if you do not get quit of fear. Does the sugarcane yeild juice, if one treats it leniently ?” What by force and what by persuasion, the black bee bathed in humour gently entered the lotus. They became engaged in love’s witching warfare. The twice-born Bhārata composes in the Totaka metre.

THE SPORT.

The handsome young man and the fair one sport to their heart's content. The flowery shafts are of terrific potency. The sharp arrows afflict sore their persons, trembling momentarily with emotion.

The gallant and his lady-love are mad with the humour of Rati. The fair one is on the lap of her handsome lover. He kisses her face, being bewitched with the balm of Madana. The gallant and his beloved are oceans of Rati's amour. They eye each other archly. For preserving their own chamber, Rati and her lover turned the padlock on its door. They gambol in glee; they besiege each other's hips; they fasten upon each other's nether lip with their teeth. Their hips pressed close, their bosoms mingling, they enter upon the fearful conflict. The bracelets tinkle,—the bangles sound musically; the Ghunguras are melodiously eloquent. Her locks toss and wave; his ear-rings move to and fro touching those comely cheeks. They breathe like the wind,—they play fast and furious,—their hip swaying again and again. Teeth hold fast teeth; anon teeth fastening upon the nectarine nether lips. Anon their frames part. They speedily bind each other's bodies with the nooses of their arms. The persons of both are bursting with equal geniality. The persons of both gambol violently; they tremble momentarily. Madana heaves and swells in billows.

The gallant steers with fresh vigour ; and his beloved responds with equal zest. They have been hungering and thirsting for a long time. The conflict waxes fierce,—it culminates. They sport to their heart's content. The full oblation quenches the flame. The clouds pour down rain on the sacrificial ground of Rati's lord, and the earth becomes cool. The winds and the rain are over. Their kisses sound soft ; they shiver as if with cold. The cool flutes in their throats. They repose on each other ; they throw their limbs listlessly about the pillows. They close their eyes in a feint. Their persons are languid and listless. The persons of both are void of sense. After resting a while, they come to their senses. Now comes laughter. Putting on her clothes, the witty wench goes out.

Now her maids drew near the delicious damsel, who held down her head in bashfulness. Bhārata Chandra says,—‘Hear, O fair one Why do you feel shame ?’

SUNDARA TAKES LEAVE AND DE- CEIVES THE MALINI.

Listen ! Listen ! O excellent gallant ! I have disposed of to you my gem of a heart. You it is that have fostered our love. I do not apprehend any danger from that. See that your conduct remains unchanged ; otherwise we shall come to grief. You must come and go clandestinely ; do not rush in any other direction ; do you ever behold Rādhikā with the same eye. You have given yourself up to love. Therefore it is that I have contracted friendship with you. Do not buy blame by deceiving me. Do not reveal to any one that we love each other. Bhārata will see afterwards. Do not forget this. .

The lover and the youthful damsel endowed with amorous wit, are sitting on the couch, excelling Rati and her lord. Their bodies daubed with unguents, wearing fragrant garlands, they eat and drink delicious water. The maids fan them with Chowris. The night is spent in making the acquaintance of Ananga. The Prince at length said to Vidyā.—“I go. The Kumud is about to close, and the Moon to set.” Vidyā replies, “Love, how can I say, ‘Go’ ? A moment of separation has to me the length of the final dissolution . How will the Chakoras of my eyes remain without seeing that moon of a countenance for these four *praharas* ? If I live after burning in this fire of separation, I shall drink the ambrosia of thy mouth at night.”

Says Sundara,—“I am the body, and you the life in it. And then only will our separation take place when we shall die. What you have said are my words. Do but think again whether they be yours or mine.” Then taking her cheek, he bade her adieu. “Do not tell the Mālīni of it,” said the beautiful Vidyā. The lotus grove is gay, and the Sun is above the horizon. The poet arrived at the mansion of the Mālīni. Having performed his morning duties on the shores of the Dāmodara and performed his ablutions and worship, he went to Hirā’s chamber. Culling flowers, the Mālīni wove garlands ; and arranging them on the Sāji, she went to the palace. Having made over to others their shares of the flowers, she went to Vidyā’s apartment resembling lightning. Having performed her bath, that captivating girl was found seated there. Laying the garlands beside her, the Mālīni sat her down. The fair wench winking at her maids, told them not to reveal the matter that had taken place over night. “I understand the hag was stricken with fear yesterday. I fear lest thinking of the future, she communicate this to my mother. Who ever suffers himself or herself to die in the present by taking the future into consideration ? The wife is in fear of bringing forth ; yet she associates with her husband.” Vidyā says,—“My grandma, I ask you, what means have you devised for bringing him here?” Hirā replies,—“I have been placed in a fine position. How

can you tell me to bring him ? I fear to hear this. I told him all that you had told me. He says,—“I am a foreigner. How can I go there ? How and by what means will you take me there ? Who knows who will see and hear?—And you will be undone.” I don’t know what is in your mind, or what is in store for me. You will for nothing bring another’s son to ruin. Entertaining false fear, you do not communicate this to your father and mother ; and when I propose to speak it, you prevent me. Do you yourself act as it seems meet to you. Virtue is my witness. I do not concern myself with this business.”

Bidding adieu to Vidyā, Hirā returned to her abode ; and, as before, brought articles from the market. Having cooked and eaten, Sundara sat at his ease, and he asked the Mālīni, laughing in his heart,—“Do you, O aunt, studious of my welfare, save me by pointing out the means. How can I go to Vidyā’s chamber ?” Hirā replies,—“O Prince, you are, sure, accomplished in learning. Cast about and ascertain the means of your going. How can theft be committed in the house of him whose place is watched by thousands of men ? Looking before and after, and taking many things into consideration, I tell you to desist. Will you, a deer, enter into the den of the lion ? I can bring this about by acquainting the king and the queen with the matter ; but I can by no means effect this secretly. Who will take you, and by what means, and by what way ? Who

knows, coming by what mishap, you will lose your life ? Both of you wish to compass this clandestinely. Alas ! my God. This is child's play. What a disaster is this ? You will ruin me as well as yourself. Who carries two heads upon his shoulders that he will commit himself to such a course ?" Saying this, the Mālini goes about her business. The Prince was thinking how he could conceal the cavity. The day is spent in talk. On the approach of night, the Mālini brings before Sundara the appropriate edibles. Sundara says—"My aunt, I now understand everything. What you had said to me was mere talk. You have not brought me to Vidyā. You have artfully made me weave so excellent a wreath. All my hopes and expectations are vain. Now you frighten me with bugbears and scorpions. The person that talks much, talks a great deal of falsehood ; and he is a wretch that confides in the words of a woman. Having first welcomed me with words, you have deceived me in the end. I understand it now ; you are an exemplary aunt, that have deceived your nephew. That person is a fool that follows mankind. Nothing can be compassed without superhuman help. I have dug a hole in your house. I will beseech the good graces of Kālī in a peculiar manner. Do not seek for me at night, so long as my worship is not finished." Having said this, he bolted the door fast ; and, having acquainted the parrot with his intention, went to Vidyā's apartment.

Clever people, consider what cleverness this is. This one plays at gallantry, deceiving the procuress. The gallant is fully as clever as his paramour. The maids only know the intrigue, because they have to serve. The two make merry with singing and playing on instruments, and the exercise of wit. Finding them maddened, the maids flee away. Bhārata says,—“O thief, pretty is the theft that thou hast committed. Honest folk become thieves by listening to the account of thy thieveries.”

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE UNIQUE SPORT.

Holding the hand of the fair one, Sundara beseechingly says to her,—“Listen, my love. To-day at midday, I saw in the tank that the Lotus had bound the elephant. The Mountain was weeping with his head hung down. And this having been communicated to the Moon, the Lily rose to the sky. For the purpose of beholding this amusing spectacle, the Moon drops to the earth beneath ; and

the Khanjana and the Chakora laugh in harmony. What a sight have I beheld ! Ah ! Shall I see it again ? I don't know when it will please Providence to show it to me. You are the daughter of this king ; and this kingdom is yours. If you show it to me, then only I can see it." Vidyā says,—“O you who cherish high aims, is such a thing possible. ?” The Roy says,—“I saw it with my own eyes. If you intend to deliver me from this distress, you can immediately show the same to me. What is your question in this logical affair ?” The fair one understanding the artifice, smilingly says,—“This is highly improbable, sir. That stones float on the water and monkeys sing, can not be believed even if seen.” The Roy says, “I am the elephant and you the queen of lotuses. Do you bind me in the stalks of your arms. I as the Moon will fall on the ground,—and you the full-blown Lily, will arise on the welkin of my bosom. My eyes representing Khanjanas, and yours, Chakoras, —the two couples will laugh beholding each other. Your hill of a bust will softly shed tears in the shape of sweat. Do you do this, and then you will understand it.” Hearing this, the girl mentally praises the Prince of gallants,—“You have bought me without paying any price.” Her heart brooks no delay ; but outwardly she discovers great bashfulness,—“Leave me, I pray you. I confess myself vanquished. What the function of men is, is incapable of being performed by women. To-day I

understand plainly (to my cost) that men are very shameless. Shame prevents me, else I could speak. She from whom you have learnt this, is surely accomplished in this matter. What kind of girl is she ? She had received excellent lessons ; and she has also taught you excellently. My only gain is that I am about to be in a scrape. You are void of shame. Go to ! Go to ! How can you speak this ? Why being a man, you show such pranks ? An office suits him alone to whom it naturally belongs,—to others it seems as a cudgel belabouring them. Who has seen any such exhibition anywhere ? Do you wake when awakened ? Are you so indolent in your youth ? I don't know what you will be when you are old. Do you forgive me ; I hold your feet. The night passes away in vain. Do you then sleep,—and I also will do the same. Do you make me understand, what pleasure you will reap from this act. I for one do not arrive at any idea. Being the sovereign of my bosom, you will hang down your head like a thief. What is the gain in undergoing such a hardship ? God has created man meaning them for happiness. He has created women meaning them for misery. Reversing the natural order of things, why should you entertain such a queer desire ? What a preposterous proposal do I hear !" The Roy again says,—“If you wont listen to me, when I beseech you so, what's the good of crying in the wilderness ? I understand from your words that

shame is dearer to you than myself. Do you then sport with Shame. Do you return to me the Embraces and the Kisses that I have given you. May Kālī bless you ! Do not abuse me. I go to my country. Do you cherish affection for me." The damsel stoops in laughter. "What do you say, my gentle love. I shall return the Embraces and the Kisses ? What a mad idea ? It is doubly absurd, like a *doa* cutting a cucumber in twain. I have never seen or heard any thing of the kind. But lord, if it must be so, the lamps must go out Bhārata gives his assent,—“The task in which you will be engaged will illumine a dark room.

THE UNIQUE SPORT.

Vidyā addresses herself to the unique sport. Sundara floats on the waves of dalliance. She is dishabille from shame. Her braid falls down. The Moon hides himself behind the cloud. Banishing bashfulness, the fair one engages in the unique affair. Her bust moves momentarily ; the *Ghungura* sounds again and again. She folds her lover in her arms, and mingling her mouth with

his, fills it with camphor and betel-nut, Her bracelets tinkle ceaselessly, and her bangles sound sweet. She fastens on her husband's petal of a nether lip with her teeth. Pigeons and coals warble in her throat. The ocean of love swell high. Illimitable was the rapture experienced by the sporting pair. Repeatedly she afflicts him sore by the shafts of her side glances. The wench trembles a great deal in consequence of emotion. Loring all controls she presses her husband's nether lip. Sweat runs down her person. Where are her attire and ornaments ? The down stands erect on her person. Her mouth perspires. She shivers, and happily hugs him to her bosom. He had been as yet steady ; now she melts in ecstasy and becomes inert and senseless in languor. Seeing her fall down her gallant gets up and kisses her lips. The pair rendered senseless by drinking the nectar of each other's mouths, rise after a while on attaining consciousness. Wounded gravely by the onslaught of the two heroes, Rati's lord flies with Rati. Thus do they divert themselves daily. The Bhārati of Bhārata is the cream of sentiment. Bhārata sings at the command of Krishna Chandra. Say,—“Hari, Hari !” The part is ended.

—oo—

Tuesday's nightly performance is end.

SUNDARA SEES THE SOVEREIGN IN THE GUISE OF A MENDI- CANT.

This gallant is wondrous witty. He is a profound ocean of perfections. Sometimes he dresses himself as a Brāhmana; sometimes as a Bhāt, sometimes as a Brahmachāri; sometimes as a Bairāgi, sometimes as a Yogi carrying a staff, sometimes as a householder; sometimes as a begger; sometime as an *avadhuta* bearing matted locks on his head. Now he goes as a *ghatel* and now *kanari*; sometimes as a *khetal*; now as a steward, now as a brigand; now a shopkeeper; now as a thief, now as a spy; now as a barbar; now as a brazier; now as a gold smith; now as a conch-cutter; now as a betel-seller; now as a weaver, now as a grocer; now as a Teli; now as a gardener; and now as a juggler. Sometimes he like a buffoon; sometime like a *chetak*; sometimes like a match-maker, sometimes like a reciter of scriptures; sometimes like a singer; sometimes like fortuneteller. And he charms Bhūrata's mind.

Thus taking his lady on his lap, the poet sports every night. He spends the night pleasantly with his pāmour, and thinks in the day as to what merriment to spend the time in. Hirā takes money from him, and makes purchases. Nor does Sundara take any account of it in black and white or ask any question. Having cooked and eaten, a while,—and then goes to range the city, locking and rested the door. The youthful Prince was an adept in dressing in various ways; and like

an actor, he has many kinds of dress with him. Now he dresses himself like a mendicant, now like a buffoon, now like a Bhāt, now like a Yogi, holding a staff, now like a Vede, now like a juggler, now like a physician, now like a trader, now like a Brahma-chāri. The Prince says,—“My business has met with success. Now I should see the king. I will see the court of the king and the courtiers, — I will behold their manners and ways, their character and behaviour. I shall meet with consideration, if I go in the guise of a mendicant. I shall indulge in many a jest concerning Vidyā.” Having considered this and that, he put on the garb of a mendicant. He wore false locks of matted hair,—and rubbed his person with ashes. In his hands, he took a Kamandalu, and a crystal rosary. Balls of ashes in his hands, and a deer-skin on his shoulders, he wore on his waist a slender piece of cloth, and put on a red cloth. In effulgence like the sun, he recited the name of Sivā.

He presented himself at the court of the king. Vira Singha Roy rises and bows down to him. The poet says,—“Nārāyana, Nārāyana, my father-in-law bows to me”. Sure, I have been placed in a very false position. The others saluted him by humbling themselves to the ground. Then spreading his tiger-skin, he sat him down. The courtiers ask him,—“Reverend sir, wherefrom do you come; and where do you live? When did you come to the city and where did you put up?”

The king asks—"Wherefore do you come here?" The mendicant answers, "I dwell in the Vadarikā ashram. I have come hither, being bound for the union of the Gangā with the ocean. Coming to this country, I hear some news. I have come here, with the intention of blessing my father. The king's daughter is reputed as very learned. I hear that in beauty she is Lakshmi, and in virtues, Saraswati herself. They say that she has bound herself by this promise,—that he that will defeat her in literary controversy shall be her husband. Many persons are said to have already been defeated by her. Conceiving a great curiosity, I have come to see this. I shall see how proficient Vidyā is in learning. Such a vow in the case of a woman is fraught with danger. If I am defeated at her hands, renouncing mendicancy, I will become her slave. I once shaved my head near my preceptor. Recognizing her as my preceptor, will shave off my load of locks. But if she be defeated, I shall win a great name. I am a mendicant, desire I have none. But if agreeably to the promise, you confer her upon me, I shall employ her in serving Sivā. She shall wear matted locks, rub her person with ashes, and go clad in a skin; a *rudrāksha* rosary about her neck, and a crystal one in her hand. I shall take her to sacred spots in distant lands. Let no woman ever make such a vow." There at the courtiers and the others present at the court whisper to one another.

The king says,—“What new calamity is this ? I find him to be an effulgent ascetic of terrible energy. If he is defeated, who will make him shave off his matted locks ? If Vidyā be defeated at his hands, he is not the person to whom she can be given. Vidyā's learning, although an accomplishment in itself, has in her case become a demerit.” The mendicant says,—“What do you think now ? You should have reflected when the vow was first made.” The king says,—“Reverend sir, pray, repair to your lodgings to-day. To-morrow we shall do what you will say. Do you first defeat the courtiers in controversy,—You will then be considered worthy to argue with Vidyā.” That day he dismissed him with these words. Then going to the inner apartment, he addressed Vidyā thus,—“Why did I alas, educate Vidyā ? Thy promise have brought calamity to me. All the princes have fled away, after having been put to the rout. Perhaps, marriage is not the portion of the ill-fated Vidyā. A certain mendicant has come to engage in argumentation. Whether we defeat him, or he be defeated by us,—each is fraught with evil.” Vidyā answers,—“Tis no use my engaging in controversy. I will remain as I am,—whatever God ordains.” The mendicant sports with Vidyā in the night ; in the day he raises the subject touching Vidyā with the king. Having vanquished in controversy each and all of the courtiers, every day the ascetic says,—“Do you bring

Vidyā'. Every day the king says,—“Not to-day ; to-morrow.” He fears at the sight of the energetic one, lest the latter curse him. Thus the prince of wily ones, practises wiles (on the king). He assumes many forms,—so that none is able to recognise him. Bhārata says—“Pretty is the way of the thief. The king—the foremost of monarchs—is the crown of thievery.

SUNDARA JESTS WITH VIDYA.

Why, O damsel, have you neglected your gallant ? Having come to a knowledge of the gem and brought it, why hast thou cast it off ? The prince of gallants had brought you, holding your feet. Alas ! the vessel of auspiciousness you have pushed away with your foot. A male person is the philosopher's stone,—she that is touched by him becomes wealthy. Thou hast become like a serpent bereft of his jewel. Slighting the *bhramara*, the lotus does not grant him sport,—and he goes to the *Kumuda*. What a play have you played ? Do you renounce anger ; do you beseech him and bring him back. Bhārata sees what is the result of amorous anger.

One day Vidyā with a smile said unto Sundara,—“A vastly learned mendicant has arrived here. He wants to win me by defeating me in

discourse. I learn from the lips of my father that he has defeated all the courtiers." The Prince answers,—“What is it that you have said ? Do not say it again. I know that revered one is an extraordinary scholar. The day that I came here, I saw him ; and was defeated in discussing the scriptures with him. I don't know but that he may win victory. Perhaps the wealth of the thief will be taken possession of by a *bātpār*.” Vidyā thereupon answers,—“I wish for no such thing.” “But” rejoins the Prince, “what will you do if the king disposes you of ? You will get a youthful scholar, more learned than myself, what will be your loss ? The loss will wholly be mine . You will get a new one in place of the old. And will you ever turn your eyes to me, if we meet again ?” Vidyā says,—“Leave off ! How much do you feign ! Woman's fortune is not like mans. Can a woman turn from the old to the new, as is done by a man ?” Thus the two, exchange jests repeatedly. How much shall I describe ? my manuscript is getting prolonged. Having then disported in the night, the Prince went in the morning to Hirā's house. He then went to the bank of the Dāmodara for ablutions and worship. Hirā, taking flowers, went to the residence of the king. Having heard of the mendicant in the queen's apartment, she comes to Vidyā and speaks to her jestingly,—“Tell me, O worshipful grand-daughter, what is this that I hear ? Whether it is true or

false, is known alone to God ; but people speak of this. Trying to tell you in weeping, my mouth is filled with laughter. Has a mendicant come on thy bridegroom ? Is his beard longer than your braid ? And does he at nightfall, collect cow-blakes in rooms ? If I meet him, I will ask him how much tobacco, opium, hemp, and bang he consumes. He rubs his body with ashes, and calls sandal by the name of the other. And does his load of matted locks come down to his feet when he stands ? How do his eyes swim, under the influence of *dhuturā* He will show you Bārānāsi, Prayāga, and Mathurā. After so many days, you have got a choice bridegroom. Your eyes will be delighted in seeing him always naked. He will clothe you in-tiger skin, and rub your person with ashes. He will take you into various countries and make you pound his bang. The joke of the nuptials of Hara and Gauri will be repeated. Alas, my God, it pains one to hear and to speak of it. That Deity that had made the moon the food of Rāhu, has perhaps brought this mendicant of yours. The taste of the ripe mango is denied to the peacock, the Chakora, the Suka and the Chātaka,—and the rook feasts upon the same ! Such a beautiful bride I had brought for you ; but you lost him knowingly by not communicating the matter to your father and mother. Such a worthy girl is not in his fortune. What shall I tell you ? God did not mean you for him. Do you remain as the mate of a mendicant,

keeping him by you?" Vidyā replies,—“My grandmother you have told me enough. True, you had brought a supremely handsome bridegroom for me. Daily I tell you to bring him to me ; but you have lost your heart on beholding him, and therefore cannot part with him. He is my husband, I obtain him after ever so long a time. Curse head of the ascetic and your face. Even now you jest with me by addressing me as your granddaughter. Out on thee. Thou art my aunt. Thou art half old, yet hast not left bawdry. In thy want thou hast got a good grand-son-in-law. Do you think how you will bring him over.” Having said this, she dismissed her. Laughing, Hirā came home ; and communicated the news to Sundara. “Hear, my father,”

I have learnt at the king's place that an ascetic has come to obtain the hand of Vidyā. He has vanquished the court ; Vidyā alone remains. He will win her to-day or to-morrow, depriving you of her. You have not been able to gain such a fair one, who had come within your reach. Surely you ought to lead a life of mendicancy. I had then told you that I would acquaint the king and the queen with your mind. But I don't know what made you forbid me. Now if the ascetic takes her away, you will look vacantly as one under hallucination. Sundara says,—“My aunt, this is what I had not thought. Tell me true, what Vidyā said on hearing of it”.

Hirā answered,—“She is on your side, and told me even now to take you to her.” Sundara says,—“My aunt, why then do you fear ? What a joy ! My aunt, you will be my grand mother. Bhārata says,—“Hirā, whom do you fear ? Who can take Vidyā save Sundara ?”

DALLIANCE IN THE DAY AND REMOVAL OF ANGER.

Once during the day, the poet, in a sudden fit of affection, went to Vidyā's apartment. Closing the door, Vidyā was sleeping in the chamber. Seeing this, Sundara was delighted. Having kept up the night, she was sleeping insensibly. Her maids were sleeping outside the room. To sport with Vidyā during the day, caught fast Sundar's fancy,—does the black-bee ever turn back, when he lights upon the lotus ? The Prince was in a frenzy. He could not stop to waken her. He set about celebrating the rites of Rati. Vidyā continued sleeping, although her frame was surcharged with amorous

humour. She dreamt the actuality, and enjoyed it with greater zest. She took day for night. She kissed and embraced her lover ; and performed the various movements of sport. The bliss that comes during sleep cannot be equalled by that during our waking moments. Let those that are versed in these mysteries take this to heart. The sport ended ; and Vidyā awoke pleasantly, with reddened eyes drooping in langour. Coming out, the fair one saw that the sun was still shining. She asked herself,—“What, all this in the day ?” Hastily she re-entered her chamber, and saw Sundara there. Thereat she was angry. “Having found me sleeping in the day with my limbs carelessly cast about, you have used me in this way ! This reflects disgrace upon me. Men have neither honor, nor delicacy, nor consideration, nor virtue ; nor do they understand the significance of actions. Surely their hearts are exceeding hard.” Having thought thus, she hung down her head, and cast aside her chain, ear-rings, and bracelets. Sundara understood what was meant. “I have transgressed. Why like a mad man have I acted thus ? I did this to compass pleasure ; but have reaped only regret. Instead of ambrosia, has come up poison. What am I to do ?” As the poet was musing thus, the sun ascended the setting-hill ; night came and the moon rose. With the view of removing her ire, the poet resorts to many a prank. But where does conciliation avail in anger ?

The poet speaks in pretence,—“See, my love, the sun is risen. The night has been spent in vain. Having caught the fire of your anger, the moon has come, becoming the sun. See, see, he consumes the Amā. The coel pours forth abuse—a heap of poison. The black-bee hums lustily thereat. The bland wind ranges from house to house, bearing the news in the capacity of a messenger. The tree laughs at my grief, with a perfumed and full-blown countenance. All my enemies are at me on the occasion of this difference. My only hope is in you : if you do not save me in this distress, who will ? I plead guilty. I am present near my sovereign. Do you punish me by binding me with the nooses of your arms. Do you press my bosom down with the hill of your bust ; do you scratch it with your nails, and cut it all over with your teeth. Do you gripe fast at my locks ; strike me with your hips,—and do whatever else you intend doing. Why are you dumb ? Do you abuse me in rank garb,—when one is in anger, one should abuse the offender.” In this way Sundara indulges in all sorts of jests. Thereat Vidyā says within herself,—“He is in trouble. He knows many a trick. I will show him the play. I will speak, after having made him hold my feet.” The poet having high aims, thinks,—“This anger is neither *madhya* nor *laghu* ; for if it were of either sort, it would go off through words. Perhaps, this is *guru* anger. It may go off, if I hold her feet. But first

let me see how far it drifts". The clever Prince thinks that her anger would be dispelled, if she said the words,—“Live” ; and accordingly sneezed by putting a fine piece of wood into his nostrils. Thereat the sharp Princess thought, “If I said,—‘Live’, my ‘anger would be dispelled. I shall say, ‘Live’ without speaking out.” With the intention of making him understand ‘Live,’ she took up and put on her golden ear-rings, thus signifying her wife-hood. Observing this act of the clever wench, Sundara Roy praises her highly. He then took hold of her feet and thus made up the quarrel. He holds her red feet on his breast,—like a lotus in a tank. Her bangles sound as black bees. Bhārata speaks the truth,—“Lucky is he who holds such feet on his head”.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE MALE AND THE FEMALE PARROT, AND THEIR SECOND MARRIAGE.

I know you well, my love. If I tell you, your simple heart will be stricken with sorrow. As are your ways, so you look on others' conduct. You have no concern on the score of virtue or duty. Him whom you call good first, you call bad

afterwards. To whom shall I say this? What will others understand regarding it? You show affection when you have occasion, and then you neglect. How many plays are you versed in, O ocean of goodness? In how many ways do you talk! How long will you blind-fold me? Bhārata knows the stuff you are made of.

The clever lover and the clever fair one indulge in jests, and sport daily in fresh sentiments. The chamber of each was solitary; and there was no let, the way being underground. One day, showing her the excavation, Sundara took Vidyā to Hira's dwelling. Seeing the Prince's trained male-parrot, the princess returned and took away her own female one. They joyfully celebrated the marriage of the two; and they became related as Bihāi and Bihāini, and address each other accordingly. The Shuka has been alone, and alone has been also the Shāri. Now receiving the company of each other, they give themselves up to merry-making. Observing their sport, Vidyā and Sundara catch the contagion, and there celebrate the rites of love. Hearing the noise, Hirā asks,—“What do I hear?”. Sundara answers,—“I am feeding a pomegranate to my parrot.” The door was securely fastened; and who could see? The black bee sips the nectar of the lotus, deceiving the frog. The two then come back to Vidyā's chamber. Thus they enjoy each other's society. The fair one had a score to clear, concerning the sport that had taken place during the day. One day she be-

thought herself,—“I will pay it back.” Sundara was asleep in his lodgings in the day. Vidyā came there through the subterranean pathway. Seeing the king’s son senseless in sleep, she kissed him softly. Then painting her husband’s forehead with sandal and vermillion, she kissed his eyelids, and hastily left the place, leaving those marks behind. At the touch of the fair one, his sleep was dispelled. His body trembled, and desire fired his bosom. With hasty steps the Prince went to Vidyā’s apartment. He found Vidyā looking into a mirror, sitting on a couch. Seeing Sundara, Vidyā laughed, and to put him to shame, said,—“Come, come, my love. What is the guise that I see you in ? Who has painted your forehead with vermillion and sandal ? And who again has left on your eyelid marks of chewed betel ? Look into the mirror, lord, and say whether it is true or not.” Looking into the mirror, the poet was struck with surprise. Vidyā said,—“Lord of my life, now I understand it. Methinks, the *rāsh* is celebrated at the house of the Mālini during the day. Perhaps Hirā brings daily a new one. Perhaps after some time you will not turn to me. I am a flower, gathered yesterday ; and my honey is exhausted. Can love be maintained by words merely ? If a loving husband turns unkind,—he is worse than a *Dhṛsihta* or a *Satha* or a *Dakṣiṇa*. If for these twelve years this frame burns with desire, yet I will not seek the company of the faithless. What is that woman like

that lays her mouth upon the mouth of one who has been convicted of laying his on another woman's ? She that touches one who hath partaken of another's leavings, becomes unclean." Sundara says,—“My lady, how much will you chide me ? By God I swear that I know none save yourself. This is your vermillion, this your sandal ; my face is red with the betel mark printed by your mouth. I have so marked my forehead with your marks, that they won't go as long as I live, wash it I ever so much. I have so dyed my eyes red with your betel, that I see none save you whether asleep or awake. Why seeing the marks yourself have made, you become a *Khanditā* ? Your gain is that you have changed yourself into a *Kalahantaritā*. Bethink you, you daily act the part of a *Vāsasajjā* ; and not for a single day are you either an *Utkanthitā* or a *Vipralabdhā*. You have never had to go and meet with me at any appointed place. You are a *Swādhinabhartrikā*, and who is like you ? Perhaps, you like to assume the position of a *Proshitabhartikā*, else why should you blame me for nothing ? If I must go to another, leaving you, why then have I come to you in this distress ?” The king's daughter was pleased with his humility. How long can a falsehood or water thrown up remain stationary ? The quarrel was made up : and they addressed themselves to pleasure. And the night was spent in sport. At daybreak the Prince went to *Hirā's* house. Thus they for many a day take

their fill of amusement. At length Vidyā attained her womanhood, and her maids came to know it. Then Sundara, as he had performed the marriage, performed the re-marriage. I can not describe the begging of broken rice and the revelling in clay. The book is getting lengthy, and my mind is left in regret. The auspicious Bhārata Chandra Roy, that abode of virtues and foremost of poets, has composed the Annadā Mangala.

VIDYA'S CONCEPTION.

Girl, my mind is ill at ease. What is the case with me ? To whom shall I say as to the condition of my mind ? I have made love clandestinely ; I have disgraced my line. My disconsolate heart is floating on a shoreless ocean. Getting a goodly gallant, I myself made love with him, without looking before or after. How can I blame him ? People have come to know it ; my maids whisper in one another's ears. Who can suffer so much, having sold herself ? If caste and race must go, let them ? Who seeks to save them ? She surely is blessed who is loved by Shyāma.

Thus covertly Sundara played many a prank. Long it is to tell it. Look at Kālī's play when all came to be known. Vidyā was in the family way for two or three months. The moon of a son arose in the firmament of her

womb. The lotus closed itself; and the menses were stopped. Taking the opportunity her slender waist began to swell. At this disgrace, her paps had their faces blackened and hung their heads. Seeing milk in her paps, her blood was converted into water; and perceiving the season, her veins raised their heads. Her complexion turned pale at the curse of turmeric, lightning, the Champaka, and gold, who had burnt to become equal to it. Yawning would not listen to any solicitation; but would show what the matter was with the womb. Her nether lip was like a *bāndhuli*; and seeking her mouth of a lotus, flies representing black bees, raise a tumult on her cheeks. Vidyā always made sounds of throwing up, and had a constant cough. Her mouth continually watered. She tasted sour things with great relish. As she had committed herself to that act by eating clay, she hungered after burnt clay, with the view of covering that shame. Her constant slumbers during the day were perhaps paying off the debt incurred by her nightly dalliances. Formerly she could not sleep in excellent beds: now she happily slept on the ground, spreading the flowing end of her cloth. When she sat down, she could not rise, because of abiding languor. She had no strength and her face was dried up. Beholding her conception, Vidyā's maids began to whisper in each other's ears. "We don't know what will be the consequence if the king and the queen

come to hear of it. Alas, why did we remain here acting so wrongly? We have neither eaten nor touched, yet have come to grief. This one has reaped pleasure, as also he. But ill-fated that we are, our portion has been woe. All this had been anticipated by Hirā. That wicked wench, Lochani has brought all this disaster. Such a thing can never be kept secret. People say, 'How long can sinful acts be concealed?' Come, let us acquaint the queen with this. Let him that has committed the murder lose his head." Bhārata says, "This maid is exceedingly good. She first inspires hope and then kills."

THE QUEEN'S REPROACH ON HEARING THE NEWS OF VĪDYA'S CONCEPTION.

All the maids with sorrowful countenances go to the queen. They bow down to her feet, and with clasped hands, say,—“As to the condition of our lord's daughter, we find her complexion pale, and her womb weighted. These are the signs of conception. We can't guess what malady this is. If

you see, whatever be it, everything will be satisfactorily settled." Startled on hearing this, the queen shuddering proceeds like lightning. With hair dishevelled, the principal queen entered Vidyā's apartment. Beholding Vidyā's womb swelled, the queen was struck with fear. Her tongue failed her. From shame Vidyā cannot bow down to her mother on account of her conception. She hid her womb in her cloth, and saluted her mother, saying, —"Sit, sit." Laying her head on her hand, and seated on the ground, the queen became plunged in thought, hanging down her head. "I perceive signs of conception", says she, striking her forehead with her palm. "O audacious girl, O thou that hast stained thy line, O she-serpent, O worker of iniquity, like a Sāṅkhiṇī, whom hast thou brought with the cries of a Dākini ? The air does not range in my abode from fear. Who has played the match-maker in this ? What kind of bawd is she that makes a frog dance in the abode of a serpent ? Thou couldst not procure a rope, thou couldst not procure cowries wherewith to buy a pitcher. O the shame ! How having done this deed, thou hast done for me ? The king, the mighty monarch, thou hast brought shame upon him ; and this disgrace will spread at home and abroad. Fie upon thy studies ! What a vow hast thou made ! Thou hast at length brought disaster. Many were the sons of kings that came to thee. Defeating each and all, thou didst not wed

any. At length thou hast rested satisfied with a thief. Hearing of thy vow, up to this day, princes came and go. But for this, why should it be so ? Tell me, what is the remedy ? There is the ascetic. He came to the king daily for thy sake. What shall I say to the king ? He did not bestow thee upon that person.—If he had done, had this stain touched us ? I had concluded myself blessed. Vidyā, who was praised by all, being my daughter, (I had thought that) my son-in-law would be a Prince possessed of beauty and crowned with every virtue. I had thought, a king's consort and kings' mother as I am, I should become the mother-in-law of a king. All the wish that I had cherished, has come to naught. How much scandal shall I suffer ? If any one should sarcastically call me Vidyā's mother, I will outright take poison now, I will cut my throat with a *kāṭi*. O Earth, do thou part. And ye maids, what kind of creatures are ye ? Ye did protect her well. Conspiring together and playing procuresses, ye have brought me to utter disgrace. You are her associates, and ye participated in this revel ; ye were engaged in this merrymaking. Ye deceive me. The *dāni* can be evaded, but when can one evade one's companions ? Stay, stay. I will cause your noses to be cut off ; let me first acquaint the king with this. I will have your heads shaven ; I will make you ascend the *sāla*. Bhāratā says,—
 "All right".

VIDYA'S SOLICITATION.

As the queen went on saying, Vidyā remained mute, shrunk up with fear and shame. Reflecting awhile with tears in her eyes she speaks, knitting up her periods. Great is the cleverness of the crafty. The damsel said,—“Listen, O mother, how much do you say craftily ? I know nothing. Heaven knows the fruit that comes of good and evil. On all sides there are warders ; with me remain my companions. I pass my days like a prisoner. Enjoyment know I none. How much false accusation do you heap upon me, being my mother ? What king's daughter is like me passing her days in perpetual pining ? My father does not ask, my mother does not speak with me. To whom shall I repair ? What avails my living ? Perhaps I have got a *gulma* by constant thought. My mouth waters ; I am devoid of strength. I cannot look down. One thing only I know. Listen worshipful one. Every day I behold a dream. A handsome shape—I can't say whether it is a celestial or a Kinnara—for cibly embraces me. Taking him for a thief, I try to catch him in my sleep. Awaking I look around but don't find him. Daily I suffer in this wise. Men in their dreams mimicking the truth, see themselves in company with women. On awaking they find that they had engaged in a false sport,—their attire solely bearing traces of their diversions. Even so in sleepy sport I meet with a male person.

My intercourse with a husband is illusory, and illusory the dalliance. Nevertheless, I may be truly with child. The queen burns in anger at the adroitness of the answer. She hies to communicate this to the king. Bhārata by his language makes every one laugh,—the child has deceived the mother.

THE MONARCH HEARS OF VIDYA'S CONCEPTION.

The queen rushes in wrath, the flowing end of her cloth trailing on the ground, her braid dishevelled. Her eyes roll like a potter's wheel. She moves about her hands; she cries again and again. The inmates of the palace are startled on witnessing her fury. The king is sleeping in the afternoon in his sleeping chamber. A maid is waving a chowry. She enters in a furious mood. Hearing the tinkling of the bangles, Virasingha Roy sits up. Beholding the queen's manner, the ruler of earth asks,—“Why? Why? Tell me all about it.” “What, O mighty monarch, shall I say? I feel shame in speaking it. The whole country is filled with odium? In your abode there is an unmarried daughter. Yet you

do not cast a glance at her. You do not consider the means of her bridal. When you have got over the difficulty relating to her marriage, you will easily attain happiness by beholding the face of your grandson. What shall I say ? Woe is me ! Like a flaming fire, we have a grown-up unmarried daughter. You should once at least reflect how her marriage can be effected, and thus our social morality may be preserved. My high-raised head has been lowered,—Vidyā is with child. To whom will you display your blackened countenance ? Yours pride has been humbled in proportion as it had been elevated. You have gone to rack and ruin because of your pride. What blame shall I lay upon Vidyā ? For nothing do I rage at her. She would have brought forth many a son, if she had married. How much will the girl suffer the heat of desire in this youth of hers ? How long shall I detain her by mere words ? You are always in a wrathful mood. You have no burden to bear. You have an able gaurd in your Kotāl. One is ashes, another no better whose virtues or defects shall I speak of ? If I die, all impediment is removed. He that understands himself, can bring home to his mind the grief of another. He comprehends others through himself." Having said this, the queen went out. Vira singha burned in anger. He held his court in the outer Dewāna. Like the Destroyer engaged in devastating all, the lord of earth said in anger,—“Who's

there? Bring the Kotal hither.'—The lawyers present were done for with blows, whatever was reserved to the fate of the Kotal. Having received the command, with roars off go hundreds upon hundreds of eunuchs, with *khānejādās*, *chālās* and *chopdars*. Blows and kicks and cudgels are tearing off skins and actively crushing bones. They bring in the Kotal like one dead. Getting a little respite, he remains gazing with clasped hands. Bhārata says, "The Roy remarks,—‘As thou hast eaten my salt, so thou hast served me well. If I cut off thy head, then only can my grief be removed.’"



THE KOTAL REPRIMANDED.

The king says,—“Hear, O Kotal. Ingrate that thou art, who will save thee to-day? Thou shalt see to what a plight I shall reduce thee. Thou hast brought the kingdom to wreck. Who will enquire into that? My friends and adherents are inert beings. Having committed dacoities and robbed the subjects of everything, thou hast become a second Lord of riches. Thou hadst looted the entire country; my palace alone was left untouched. And now thou hast begun to commit thefts in it. I shall

bury thee, villain, together with thy children in one grave. Then only thou shalt know my pride. My place being in thy charge, theft has been committed in Vidyā's apartment! What shall I say? It shames me to say it. Having given the Kotalship to a drunkard, I have reaped my deserts; my honor and reputation have left me." For saving his life, Dhumaketu humbly represents,—“Mighty king, do you listen. Do you forgive me for seven days. I shall apprehend the thief and bring him to you. Do you save my life, I am poor.” The courtiers and adherents assent to it. “Well, well,” says the Roy and makes him over to the custody of the Nazir. The Kotal humbly says,—“May it please your Highness to place this apartment under my charge”. The king agrees, saying,—“All right.” Having received the king's orders, the eunuchs go forward and communicate the news to all. Taking her maids with her, Vidyā speedily goes out of her apartment, and puts up with the queen; and the Kotal searches for the passage through which the thief comes and goes. “What shall I do? Where shall I go? How shall I save my life? I know not what kind of thief this is. Some celestial or Gandharba or Naga has come here as my doom. Perhaps he has taken into his head to come and go through the air. How shall I then come at him? By virtue of the good and the evil done in a former

life, one is born on this earth. Who can order things otherwise ? Another has gone away, having enjoyed here,—and I have to suffer for it. Ah ! blessed is the drudgery of a Kotal's life ! The king's daughter overflows with humour, and is crowned with beauty and perfections. Perhaps the thief is worthy of her. The two have enjoyed felicity, and grief is left for me. This is highly unjust on the part of Providence." Entering the room, he pushes away the bedding and surveys around. The Kotal is subtle ; yet he perceives nothing and looks around attentively. Striking his forehead with his hand, he pushes off the bedstead and perceives the underground pathway. Bhārata concludes sweetly, the Kotal is in raptures, saying,—“Kāli has granted me my wish.”

THE KOTAL SEARCHES FOR THE THIEF.

This is a most clever thief,—even Nanda's young boy in Gokula. I have not been able to preserve my heart. In a moment he has stolen it. He sees all, yet none sees him—that sable, relentless buck of a thief. He goes about and remains near me, as the Chakora abides by the moon. Dan-

cing and singing and playing on his pipe, he has charmed Bhārata.

Having observed the underground pathway, the Kotal says,—“My comrades, look here. Here is trying business. I can’t guess what kind of amour is this of Vidyā. Perhaps a Nāga comes and goes by a cavity in the nether regions. He comes daily and will come to day. We may see him ; but who will apprehend him ? Delight and dole have possessed me at one and the same time : methinks I am to die Duryodhana’s death. If I don’t catch him, the king will slay me,—and if I do, the serpent. My case is that of Mārīcha on the occasion of the carrying away of Sitā.” One says,—“Do you summon a snake-charmer. He will immediately catch the snakes by chanting dolefully.” Another says—“What mad talk is this ? Perhaps one loses his wits at the time of misfortune. I don’t know what sort of snake belongs to such a hole. By this day it would have caught and eaten up no end of people.” A third says,—“Brother, this is no serpent. This cavity belongs to ? kuvēra.” Another remarks,—“Perhaps this is a jackall’s hole.” Thereat some laugh, calling him a blockhead, while others rage at him. Calling him a fool, another says,—“To my mind, it seems that a thief has dug this hole.” To him Dhumaketu replies in wrath,—“Sitting where, has the thief made this breach in the floor ? All that you have said does not appear to me as probable. I think that a venomous snake

comes and goes by this way. Who can catch this deadly snake ? I will go by this way. Let the snake make a meal of me. Not being able to catch the thief, I have become one. It passes my power to present myself in the court of the king. The beating that I have undergone to day would hardly be administered to a thief. I cry fie upon this hateful service." Saying this, the Kotal prepares for entering the hole, but his younger brother Bhimaketu holds him back. Another brother of his, called Yamaketu, says boastfully,—‘Why do you fear ? If it be no snake but a Kinnara or a Gandharba, when we have found the cavity, we must get him. He has his allurements in Vidyā, ; he must therefore come here. Do you in merry mood remain here disguised as women. If a noose is set for Covetousness, which among even beasts and birds, serpents, and fish can escape ? Deities and minor deities weep, falling into the nooses of passages cited from the Tantras,—nay, the formless Bhramā himself laments upon lighting on the noose. If you fear lest it be a serpent, do you bring to your side that Garura ascetic, a snake-charmer. As Vidyā used to remain surrounded by her companions, do you remain so in the guise of women. Death is preferable, but we must enter into the mystery. It is cowardice to fly away without engaging in the conflict. Up to this time the thief does not know the news. If he knows it

to day, he wont come here any more. Do you be-
times prepare for this." Kālaketu says,—“Elder
brother, even this decision is true. In the Virat-
Parva of the Mhābhārata. Vyāsa has said that
in the self-same way Bhima brought about the death
of Kichaka”.

THE KOTALS DISGUISED AS WOMEN.

Come, let us catch the thief with the noose of a circle of
women. Renouncing fear and shame, do you dress yourselves.
He is a highly cunning rake. He knows many a prank : at
midday he commits thefts by playing on his pipe. Though he
steals attires, yet catching him, we will deprive him of his
yellow *dharā*. He always ranges in a bent attitude. Let us
to-day make him straight. Bhārata will act the warder.

Dhumaketu assented, saying,—“This is good
advice.” Then the eight brothers rushed violently
in eight different directions. They bring the neces-
sary things from the dancing, hall and the ten
brothers dress themselves as women. The youngest

Chandraketu, eminently handsome, dresses himself as Vidyā,—nor was there much difference between his form and hers. He covered his wooden bust with a bodice, and his abdomen stuffed with cloth, with a frock. Surayketu became Sulochanā ; Hemaketu, Himi ; Jayāketu, Jayāvati ; Bhimaketu, Bhimi ; Kālaketu, Kāli ; Ugraketu, Umi ; Zamaketu, Yami ; Rudraketu, Rumi ; and Dhumaketu himself, Dhumdhumi. Three snake, charmers personated Mālati, Chāmpi and Sumi. They began to sing and play merrily on *Vinās*, flutes, and other instruments. Ananga was charmed on enjoying the perfumes of garlands. They bring loads of *chāndāra* and *isārmula* ; and bring into requisition all the gems, incantations, and potent drugs that were known to them. They put medicines around their persons, at the smell of which Vāsuki herself flies, bending her head. In this way thirteen remained in the room ; the others planted themselves at eight spots in various attire. *Harkaras* were placed in every outpost, together with vigilant and clever guards. In the main gate sat Sonā Ray, and Rupa Ray, Naib Kotā, like Kāla at the time of the universal dissolution. The four gates of the town were guarded by the four Jamadārs, Hiru, Nilu, Kāsi and Vanci. In the seven forts there are twenty-eight gates. These were protected by as many Jamādars. There were seen *tavakis* and *dhālis* and *māls* handling the *rāyvänsa*, by hundreds, having terrible forms. The

four-fold forces played on instruments with five notes and clouds of dust converted day into night; and the world began to tremble. Kheda Roy goes about bustling. He had received that name in consequence of his having driven away a tiger. Raybāghini, the aunt of the Kotal, rushes hither and thither. Such was her witchery that she could convert day into night. She wore a red *sāri* and a pair of red Sankhās and had a garland of china roses on her neck. Vermillion was copiously painted on her forehead, and she carried a scimitar in her hand. She had with her seven hundred girls dressed in the same way. They went from house to house seeking the thief. In every neighbourhood and in every house, the spies of Kotal made a great hubbub; and the city began to shake. They fell to looting whomsoever fell in their way, be he a mendicant, a trader, or foreigner, and going hair then they sent him to prison. Specially, if they happened to see a student, they deprived him of his *khungi* and manuscript, and confined him in prison. No sooner did they find one bearing a garland of fragrant flowers, with sandal paste on his person, than they bind him fast. the Instantaneously cries of 'Oh' and "Alas," rose in city; and the jail resembled Jarāsandha's in prison. Thus they wander in different places in various dresses, searching the thief in many ways and resorting to endless shifts. Bhārata Chandra sings at the command of Krishna Chandra

All of you say, "Hari Hari," This art of the story is ended.

—oo—

The Part of Wednesday is ended.

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THE THIEF IS CAUGHT.

To-day the crown of thieves is caught. We all women are awake. His pride has been humbled and his cleverness has been brought to naught. He can't escape us so easily. Displaying your ability, you have committed thefts many a time and oft. Today catching you, will we teach you a lesson. In the dark dungeon of our hearts we will bind him with the tether of our minds, and make him over to our lives. You decieve every one ; none can catch you. Bhārata wont let you off easily.

There Vidyā is agitated with anxiety. "What a calamity is this ! My love does not know all this. Not knowing it, he will come to my chamber, allured by my memory. Alas ! my lord will fall into the cunning of the Kotal." On the other hand, the handsome Prince, influenced by desire, went to Vidyā's room through the subterranean passage.

On the bedstead sat Chandraketu like the moon, spreading the noose of Vidyā's form, with the view of catching the moon-like Sundara. Laughing and laughing, the poet sat down by the side of Chandraketu. Laughing, Chandraketu covered his face with his cloth. Taking him for a female, the poet speaks amorous words to him. Chandraketu feigns anger, drawing down his veil. Intoxicated by desire, that foremost of poets does not understand the matter; he holds Chandraketu's hand, he holds his feet, with the view of removing his ire. Chandraketu returns side-glances but does not speak. Sundara pulls at the flowing end of Chandraketu's cloth. Suryaketu says,—“I see this fellow is very audacious. For aught I know, he may do what we have not thought of.” Dhumaketu personating Dhumdhumi was for noise and bustle. He placed a stone upon the hole. They beheld Sundara with apprehension lest he be a celestial or a Ghandharba or a Yaksha. They saw that he had winks to his eyes, and shadow to his body. Therefore they concluded that he was a man and no superhuman manifestation. They said,—“We will catch him,—he is really a human being”; yet they could not suddenly do so, fearing the consequence. Chandraketu wants to go out of the room. Saying “Where do you go?” Sundara detains him. Kissing him, Sundara lays his hand on Chandraketu's bust. Anon the wooden bust was loosened and the bodice was rent. The poet maddened by love could not yet

understand the matter. O thou of flowery shafts, praise to you ! Sundara thought. Why does Vidyā behave so to-day ?” when Chandraketu swiftly held him fast with his arms. Immediately the other twelve held him tight.

The Roy said,—“ What queer business is this ?” Dhumdhumi says,—“ Listen, son-in-law of my master, we have the command of our lord’s daughter and we must not let you off. Such is your hardihood ; you laid your hand upon her bust without permission. You have broken the bust and torn the bodice.” Seeing the wooden bust, the Prince was startled. Perceiving the meaning, he praised the Kotāl again and again. Bhārata says,—“ The thief is the foremost of clever persons,—yet his pride has been crushed at the trap of the Kotāl.



THE KOTAL REJOICES AND SUNDARA LAMENTS.

The Kotal like yama himself flourishes his scimitar and shield. He takes a sharpened shaft and exclaims,—“Shoot, shoot.” Having caught the thief he cries “Hari !” “Hari,” and says, “Who can cope with me now ? Whom shall I fear ?” All those furnished with buckler exclaimed,—“Victory to Kāli. Well has it ended.” They bound (in joy), causing earthquake. The Jagajhampa sounds. The army cries,—“Cut him down” “Cut him down”, making Varddhamān shake under the weight of those strong men. They awaken swarms by their cries.

"My brother, the responsibility is thine, if the thief flies." They exaltingly place themselves near Sundara, and before and behind him. Their persons blown with delight, and their hearts filled with joy, they raise a tumult and din. Sleep comes not to their eyes. They manacle his hands, and bind his feet with a rope ; and strike Sundara with sticks and canes. Dancing, they administer blows to him, causing his lockjaw. He is dumb from fear and his heart trembles : his inner spirit is affrighted. Some hero sucks his arrow. Seeing this, even calm persons tremble. They brandish their sharp and whetted swords. The Kotāl says,—“ Let it be to-morrow. To-night, do you keep him carefully. Do you leave ? When it is morning we shall bring the thief to the monarch.” All the mighty ranks laugh aloud in glee. “Our trouble is at an end ; our joy has come” is uttered by a hundred mouths. “Victory ! Victory !” is bruited on all sides, striking terror into men’s hearts. The earth totters at the enthusiasm of the parties. They strongly hem in Sundara a hundredfold. The Roy thinks,—“ Alas ! Alas ! what a misfortune has overtaken me ! Let me die. Why did I through temptation do this deed ? My life is at stake for the sake of a female. How many bridegrooms marry ! Who ever apprehends any ? Who takes care ? How many men beat me ! Hari ! Hari ! What am I to do ? What use in living ? They use

foul language. I cannot bear it ; my heart burns in grief. The king to-morrow will abuse me, and paint my cheeks with lime and black. He may cut off my head, or send me to the *Sāl* ? All the court is his,—to whom shall I look up ? God knows, I shall be relieved if my life leaves this body. If that ill-fated one for whom I suffer looks at and speaks to me at this time, my fear may be removed. Who is dearer to me than that incomparable damsel ? I could not see her. I shall ever remember all that she has said. She is mine, and I am hers,—whom have we else ? She is the only reality. Whom else have I ? To whom shall I repair ? All the ten cardinal points are subservient to me in virtue of my excellency,—in my own country I have achieved high fame. At length I have committed a bad act ; and have reaped obloquy. Leaving my father, and having committed a sin, I undergo repentance.. Day and night, I am melancholy. If I get poison, I can eat it.” He thus undergoes grief in a hundred ways,—hanging his head down like a snake of its enchanter. Bhārata desires only the feet of Govinda. The final conclusion is Hari’s name and the fetters of Desire.

SURVEY OF THE UNDERGROUND WAY.

To survey the underground way, seven of them, with the permission of the Kotāl, holding each other's hand, descend into it. It was pitchy dark and wonderful to behold, the place resembling a well. One through fear recedes,—another forbids him. At length finding gems burning at places, they say,—“Well ! come, come, brother, we see light. They proceed with a slow pace, their bodies trembling with fear. Then they raised their heads in the house of the Mālīni. Ascending the floor, they bustle about. Hirā wakes in a fright. Catching hold of her in the dark, they in their anger fell to beating her. Lighting a fire, all those bearing bucklers abuse her, saying,—“The thief is in thy house. Give him up to me.” Going through the subterranean pathway, some one conveying to the Kotāl the news makes his heart glad. Having possessed himself of all the particulars, he takes up his sword and buckler ; then the hero darts towards the Mālīni's house like an arrow. Coming before Hirā, he haughtily and peremptorily demands,—“Where is the thief, and how is he related to thee ?” He then falls to abusing her : “Strumpet, where hast thou got the thief ? Who is that wight, and whose son ? And who is he to thee ?” Bhārata's composition is the essence of ambrosia. Its metrical language is comely and peerless and fraught with worth.

MALINI IN AFFLICTION.

Being cuffed by them, the Mālīni cries for mercy and says,—“As thou hast beaten me, thou shalt feel the consequence of it. This is a great virtue of the wicked,—they daub others’ backs with lime. For what fault of mine, hast thou, O wicked Kotāl, slain me with thy beating? It is three *praharas* in the night; you commit dacoity calling me up? I throw myself upon the king’s mercy. Thou hast robbed my house; thou hast forcibly polluted my caste.” Laughing the Kotāl replies,—“Thou dost not feel shame in speaking thus? Look here! The old hag says,—‘Thou hast destroyed my caste,’—I fear to hear this.” Hirā says,—“Thou varlet, who fears thee? Thy goodness is known to all—dost thou forget this?” The Kotāl replies in wrath,—“What dost the old crone say? She domiciles a thief in her house, yet bears herself proudly; this is a great go-between.” Hirā again speak haughtily,—“Thou callst me a bawd! I am the Mālīni of the king and you call me a bawd. To-morrow I will teach thee. I keep no youthful girl, nor any one’s daughter or daughter-in-law, being myself an old woman. Whose daughter or son’s wife have I procured and to whom? He that says so shall have leprosy. You are always sunk in pleasure, appropriating to your use others’ daughters and daughters-in-law. I can mention

all the wickedness that is to be laid at thy door. Dhumaketu swells in anger. Grasping her hair, he pulls Hirā down. "Thou vile bawd ! 'thy audacity is very great. I will bring both of you to the stake. Thou returnest this answer to me ! Even now thou feelst no fear. The king's daughter is with child ; thou hast procured a thievis bridegroom." Hearing this, Hirā was frightened. Laying her hand on her ear, she says,—“God knows I am ignorant of all this. Wherever virtue is, there is victory.” Thereat the Kotāl drags her to the subterranean passage. “By this path he committed theft.” The Mālīni says,—“Who knows this ?” The Mālīni now understands all. She calls upon Heaven to witness in presence of the Kotāl. “He, I perceive, deceived me by alleging that this was the cavity made for *homa*. This is Sundara's work. They have caught him in the very act. There is no help for it now. Does he, in whose house a breach has been made, ever sleep ? To whom shall I say this ?” The Kotāl asks ; Hirā can not speak. All the articles of the thief that were in Hirā's house were looted by him. “This Khungi and the manuscript and the quantity of gems I shall have to distribute among all.” He took the trained male and female parrots, with their cage. The Mālīni was struck dumb from fear. With a smile, the Kotāl takes Hirā into the hole,—and dragging her violently, he takes her near

the thief. Sundara says with a smile,—“Welcome, my well-wishing aunt !” Waxing wroth, the Mālini abusing him, says,—“Who art thou ? And who is thy aunt ? What evil luck is mine ! I am no aunt of thine. Calling me aunt, thou put up at my place. Who knew that thou wert a breach-making thief ? On pretence of making a sacrificial cavity, thou madest the breach the whole night. O for shame ! Thou hast committed such an act that I shall consider myself fortunate if my caste be preserved. So long as I shall live after this, I will lend lodgings to none. Having passed the three parts of my life, I have at length fallen into this plight. I draw my nose over the ground. My child, Dhumaketu, in the interests of thy parents’ righteousness, cut off the thief, and let me off. Do you bind a bridge of righteousness.” Sundara dies with laughter : “My aunt is the root of all. The aunt of Vidyā’s husband and the grandma of my wife had inspired the flowers with spells.” Hirā does not understand the joke. She swears again and again : “What does that wight say ? Hang your cleverness ! That word over and over ?” The Kotāl says,—“This can’t be. Both must remain. Let’s see what each meets with at the hands of the monarch.” Bhārata says,—“Even this is fit.”

VIDYA'S GRIEF.

The night had been succeeded by the morning, Vidyā's maid said to her, "Sundara has been caught." Hearing this, Vidyā drops to the ground. Her maids raise her up with their exertions. Vidyā bewails with her locks dishevelled; the ground is wet with the 'eye-offending brine.' She strikes her fore-head with her bracelets; she is restless in consequence of a copious flow of blood. She exclaims again and again,—“What has come to pass! What has come to pass! Thou cruel Creator! for what fault of ours hast thou become adverse to us? Having first inflicted much misfortune, and next granted a few days' of happiness, thou hast at last heaped on me double woe. Fie upon the life of a youthful girl! Her happiness and misery depend upon others. She is domiciled at another's house; she dies at the death of others; she is happy when another grants her happiness. A woman's lover is her life. Save that, what life has she? Fie upon the life of her that, bereft of that life, suffers her own to remain! Alas! Alas! what shall I say to Providence? It brings on happiness slowly Having bestowed a gem to crown one's head with—a jewelled chain for one's bosom, it finally deprives one of the custodian of one's happiness.” Vidyā bewails in various ways,—her sighs are hotter than fire. “To whom shall I say this?

Still I have life, after having heard of my love's arrest. My lord is an ocean of goodness. He is full of humour—he is my handsome gallant—the prince of the love-witted, oppulent with the wealth of dalliance, the abode of song and dance and instrumental music. My mother has played the Dākini with me ; she calls the lord of my life a thief. My father is the source of every misfortune. Dhumaketu is a veritable comet. The heart of Providence is hard." Hearing that the thief has been caught, the queen whispers to those around her. She tries to behold him, and ascends the terrace. She weeps on seeing the countenance of the culprit. The queen says,—“Whose child is this ? Let me die, removing his misfortune. What incomparable comeliness is his,—a well-spring of Madana's charms ! Blessed, blessed is this one's mother ! What shall I say of Vidyā's luck ? She had received the man after her heart. Bringing ruin upon herself, the girl did not let me know it. If she had done so, why should this calamity befall us ? Alas ! alas, my God. I had got a beautiful son-in-law. The king is in wrath,—he wont listen to solicitation. And if this one dies, Vidyā wont live.” Thus the females of the inner apartment individually admired Sundara.

On the other hand, using speed, the Kotāl takes the two, with the view of bringing them to the monarch. The Kotāl goes with the thief, and

people rush to behold him—boys and youths and old men—the blind and the lame proceed with speed ; the inmates of the inner apartments look out from the windows. Some say,—“What kind of thief is this ? He has instantly stolen our hearts. Who blames Vidyā ? Bhārata says,—“Indirectly they dispraise their own husbands.”

THE WOMEN DISPRAISE THEIR HUSBANDS.

To whom shall I say, girl, what grief is mine ? How shall she remain at home who has so much to bear ? I am bound in family fetters. My heart ceaselessly weeps ; not seeing the moon-like Shyāma, there is darkness during the day. In my home my wicked-minded superior always calls me the stainer of my line. How much shall I suffer from the fear of my husband's sister ? Shyāma is the lord of the world,—him they call my adulterous gallant ! The luckless folks think evil,—they cannot judge properly. My husband is the worst of men ; Shyāma is the mirror of males. Bhārata considers Krishna Chandra as alone worthy.

Beholding the thief, the women exclaim,—
“Hari ! Hari ! O dear, let us die removing his mischance. What a chest is his, what a face, what a nose, what ears ! What a side-glance captivating the heart ! They have deprived him

of his ornaments, and bound his hands and feet with cords. How could they strike such a body with sticks ? See, see, the wicked Kotāl is beating him. Alas ! Heaven has ordained the Moon as the food of Rāhu. This is a cruel thief,—we do not meet with his like. In the day and near the Kotāl, he purloins the hearts of people. Having stolen Vidyā, he has become a thief,—but if we get him, we steal him on the contrary. Having witnessed his beauty, we cannot go to our homes. We have no husbands after her heart, and this we cannot bear.” Blaming their respective husbands, they converse with each other, weeping. One woman says,—“My friend, hear of my grief. I have come by a black husband with an inky face. All the poetic sentiment that I have learnt has come to naught,—as I have fallen to the lot of a swarthy one. I pacify my mind, remaining still like a thief ; and remain dumb, casting side-looks. It does me a little good in remaining in the light : calamity comes in the dark. I lie down because I must,—even as a patient swallows *Nima*, shutting his eyes,” Another female says,—“This is comparative happiness. If you hear of my woe, your own misery will go off. My ill-fated blind husband is good enough for quarreling only. I was fair-complexioned ; but Anxiety has rendered me black. My youth is full ; but in my despair I see everywhere vacancy. There is neither sin nor virtue in showing things unto blindness.”

Another dame says,—“ My dear, he can be called the crown of one’s head. I am youthful, but my husband is decrepit. His teeth shake in his mouth, and he cannot feed. I feel not the slightest pleasure in kissing that face of his. Pleasure I experience none at his hands ; but I have a care for virtue, and I don’t know whether he experiences any pleasure from me. His attempts at gamboling end in trembling on his part and vexation on mine ; and endeavouring to bite my nether lip, his teeth fall off. The old fellow rolls in pain on account of the teeth. Let the thunderbolt fall on the head of dalliance ; it is difficult to save him.” Another female says,—“ The old man I could put up with gladly. Listening to the story of my griefs, you will have your own removed. What shall I say of my husband ? I hang my head down in shame. My husband is very fat, and his abdomen is very huge. Others it may please ; but my mind burns in affliction. He cannot kiss me and embrace me at once at the same time. Having entered upon sport, he seeks to kiss my mouth by lowering his. He tries to press me hard, but his abdomen throws him off. When he does the one, he must have to leave off doing the other. Here it breaks down, and there it is brought to naught,—neither the first nor the last.” Another woman says,—“ Do not call this bad ; you receive pressure without any exertion on his part ; this is a matter for rejoicing. My husband is quite a dwarf,—I feel

shame to speak it. I cannot get at him, as he hides himself in my lap. I am being done for on account of heat ; and my desire remains unfulfilled. His hands are short, but his desire is big ;—this is a great evil.” Another woman says,—“Don’t think that you are badly off. That he graces your laps is a great comfort. My husband is a counsel of the king. He professes medicine. I get a sight of him only when he takes his meals. Feeling pulses, he goes about. I tremble in amorous fever,—but he lays it to the account of the humours having got unhealthy. He tells me to take *chaturmukha* ; I grieve to hear this. Let the thunderbolt fall on the crown of *chaturmukha*’s head.” Another female says,—“This is somewhat good,—he holds your hand when he feels your pulse. My husband is a courtier of the king, and a Brāhmana well up in the scriptures. He does not touch woman or oil, and abstains from fish. His breath is foul as he takes no betels ; and he takes no second meal. What shall I say of my ill luck,—he feeds with mouthfuls, like those with which cows feed. True, he knows me once when I am in my season,—but should a *parva* happen to fall on that day, then it goes very hard with me.” Another woman says,—“Let it be so,—still he is a learned man. He does not disappoint you when the time arrives for offering in the one oblation. My stupid husband, knowing all mortal consequences, is the astrologer of the

cing. With him it is always *vāra* and *kāla* and sinful *rashi* and sinful *graha* and sinful *tithi* and sinful star. For a single day, they do not leave that ill-fated one. He always spends his time by drawing up almanacs with his fingers. What does that avail me, it breaks my heart to say this." Another woman says,—“Do not call this an evil. When he alights upon an auspicious hour, he caters for you. The king's Munshi is my husband, who writes letters, (etc), for the king. He puts his pen into his inkstand, and says the sport has been completed. He scores through an address if he finds it contested. He does a thing twice over, may misfortune overtake him !” Another dame says,—“My friend, a Munshi is rather good. My husband is a Bakshi, ‘a debtor and creditor.’ He is never lacking in the task of cutting off wages on account of faults on the part of others. None can take a particle unless it squares with the accounts. He notes down the presence or absence of others,—but he cannot perceive the absence that takes place in his own home. Intent upon circumvention, he writes down matters falsely. It is solely owing to my grace that he ever sees the face of a son.” Another female says,—“This is a good quality in your husband. My husband is a pleader capable of bearing blows. He can bear beating lying low, like a very woman. His only quality is that he can cover all his faults with fibs.” Another says,—“My

love, what I hear is after all not so very undesirable. My husband is highly furnished with perfections, being a writer of briefs. In his hand a bundle of briefs, and a number of plaintiffs with him, he goes here and there with the gait of a cow. I am a plaintiff among plaintiffs ; but he can not pass away the night indifferently well." Another dame says,— "My friend, I take this as enviable. My husband is a cashier, the worst of mankind. On a rupee resembling a moon being presented, he takes it with a complacent countenance ; but when he has to pay, that black-visaged one tells the coin with a drooping head 'Tis a hard matter to get a drop of water from him who fears thus in giving others the property of another." A humorous fair one with her mouth filled with betel, remarks, "My husband is a *poddār*, the first of niggards. Having treasure in his lap, he experiences the pangs of death in expending it. He is an ox bearing sugar, with one quality about him. People deceive me with zinc and copper,—he clears scores by exchanging hands." Another woman observes, "My dear, this is gentle. The husband of this ill-fated one is an accountant keeping accounts all the night, he comes during the still hours. It becomes necessary to awaken him with a thump and feed. He knows not the art of pegging,—he confusedly squares accounts ; but at the time of explaining his accounts, his squaring becomes his clog."

Another female says,—“Sister, this is a great good fortune ; but my husband is a Moharār, who has to give a satisfactory account of his doings. He knows not how to supply to the moffusil : whenever he meets with a surplus, he writes it off. He notes down the credit ; but seeing the balance, he is afraid of expense. Whenever another spends, he abuses him.” Another female says—“My dear, your husband is a wondrous witty fellow. The husband of this ill-fated wench is in charge of the extraholdings. He is very clever in detecting others’ extraholdings ; but that wretch knows not that there are extraholdings in his own household. One only quality of his I feel grateful at,—whenever my friend comes, none catches him through fear of my husband.” Another wench says,—“Sister, this is a merit, my husband is a Daftry. Do you hear as to his ways. He always thinks how to prepare lists. Reading is not in his lot ; he makes others read for him. Losing his list below, he fumbles above, and he supplies inkpots to others’ pens.” Another fair one says,—“My love, even this is desirable. I have grown black by the worry I am put to on account of my husband, who rings gongs. He well nigh kills himself by beating the gongs every Prahara throughout the day ; but he takes no notice as to who rings his own gong. before it is morning, he gives double strokes : he is incapable of himself and drives away my friend.” Another female says,—“I am a Koolin’s daughter ; my youth has

almost passed away, expecting my bridegroom. Although my marriage has taken place after many a day, if our ages be taken into consideration, I should be his eldest sister. At the time of my marriage, Pundits contested whether my marriage was to be first completed, or my second marriage. The wight has married about sixty years, whatever be his caste, he is strict as to his *koola*. If he comes once in two or four years, he lies down and says,—‘What will you give me, for my labor?’ If I can give him the sum earned by selling yarn, he looks complacent, else he goes away in anger.” The other females respectively censure their husbands, some having the elephantiasis, some being hunch-backed, and some bearing hydroceles. Hearing their lament, a chaste dame remarks,—“Do you know my singular grief. My husband is a great poet versed in many a humour. If I addrest him in harsh speech, he returns, a sweet one. But he cannot furnish me with food and raiment. He procures straw for his thatch, and clay for his wall by reading stanzas. I have never worn conch or gold, bangles or a red *sāri*; only by virtue of his poesy, he is a master of dalliance. He is profoundly versed in love’s lore, and poetry, and rhetoric. He sports in many a way;—he is the nonpareil. I guess this one may be a poet; and for this it is that clandestinely Vidyā has devoted herself to him.” Hearing her, the others burn inly;—they seek to go home, but their legs refuse to perform their office, The

thief steals their minds by casting glances. Taking the thief, the Kotāl hies himself. Bhārata says, "They went where the King was seated."



THE THIEF BROUGHT TO THE KING'S COURT.

What splendour is in the court of Kanksa. The gallant, king Syāma, has come. The musicians of Kanksa play on *vīṇās* ; but these sing the praises of Govinda. The heroes stationed there say,—“May Kanksa meet with destruction,—

he seeks to slay such a one." The heroes think within themselves,—“Our sin and sorrow will be removed to-day. We will roll in the dust of his feet.” Bhārata says,—“Kanksa is the principal portion of Krishna : he obtains the position of a friend in the guise of an enemy.”

Virasingha Roy sits at his court. His court and adherents are presented in assembly. Wands and sceptres and large hand—*punkhas* and chowris, some of them of peacocks' plumes, grace the place ; and slaves are stationed at their proper quarters. There are present readers and *Kathaks* and poets and Brāhmanas and scholars and professors and Bhattācharyas and spiritual guides and priests and the king's five sons and four brothers and ten nephews and the seven husbands of his nieces and sixteen sisters' sons and his sons-in-law and *Behais* and *Sālas*, and maternal uncles and blood-relations and adherents in a body. In his front the Sepoys stand in rows, with swords and bucklers held in their breasts with joined hands. On his two sides stand time piece holders, with sand-timepieces in their hands. *Chopdars* stand in ranks bearing golden sticks in their hands. Before them stand readers of briefs holding them. Bhats utter aloud the praises of the Sovereign and courtiers sit all around ; they speak not a word without permission. *Munshis*, and *Bakshis* and physicians and *Canoongos* and *Kāzis*, and others who have won the good graces of the monarch are there. *Rababs*, *Tāmburās* and

Vinās and *Mridangas* sound ; and experienced, singers sing in various merry ways. Jesters give vent to jests, dancers sing and dance, heralds sing salutations and make them known. Abyssians clad in bright black dresses perform the office of executioners, — *Asoālas*, wrestlers, persons bearing bucklers with their pupils, and *Khānejads*, are there present. Riders with whips in their hands go this way and that in front of the king. *Mahuts* on the backs of elephants express *Johar* ? The lord of the earth sits with the prowess of Rāvana himself, when the Kotāl presents himself with the thief. He presented himself to the Nazir taking the thief with the male and female parrots, the *Khungi* with the manuscript, and the *Mālīni*. The ten brothers disguised as women bend low to the ground. The herald cries aloud—"Salutations, O mighty king !" He then humbly communicated to the monarch the tidings about the apprehension of the thief. He received as his reward a turban, an elephant, a horse and a scimiter. The king eyes the thief askance hanging his head down. "The beauty and the signs perceived in his person, he may be a prince ; Providence has singled out a bridegroom fit for my daughter, but he has committed theft ; this is painful to hear. I ought to cut him off, yet how can I do so ? For removing the stain, I may come by it. The scriptures discountenance rashness in action. I will do what is fit afterwards,—first let me know everything."

Frowning with his eyes, he asks, Hirā,—“Who is this wight? Whose son is he? Tell me true.” Hirā says,—“His home is in the south. He came to your city in the guise of a student. I don’t know whether true or not, but he has given himself out as the son of the king Gunasindhu of Kānchipur. He took up lodgings in my house. I love him as my son, and he addresses me aunt. He is an adept at argumentation, and has many an accomplishment. I had told this to Vidyā, eating earth. Vidyā had desired to be united with him in wedlock. Thereupon I had told her,—‘Do you acquaint the king and the queen with it.’ I don’t know thinking what Vidyā forbade me. She desired me to bring him secretly, but who was capable of doing so? I swear by yourself, I don’t know anything more. If I do, let me not get Gangā at my death, and let my two eyes have their fire quenched on them. Ever since he has lived in my house as a lodger. Who knows that he is such a thief, and that he commits thefts by making breaches? I don’t know bawdry,—I am a poor *Mālini*. It is because I had granted quarters to a thief that I have come by the name of go-between, I am not wicked; but I have fallen into the company of a wicked wight; even as Ocean has got itself manacled through the vice of Rāvana. You, O king of noble aims, art Righteousness incarnate. Do you decide, after weighing everything.” At the words of Hirā, the

king was inspired with pity. Bhārata Chandra Roy says,—“Let her off.”

THE KING INTERROGATES SUNDARA AS TO HIS NAME AND LINEAGE.

The people say,—“This one is not really a thief,”—who will understand this enigma ? Being thieves themselves, they apprehend me, and stigmatise me as a thief. Seeing their sternness, my heart weeps. They call me cruel. They have committed a sin, and fasten with a twine, for which they will have to pay dear ; who can know me ? Who can recognise me ? Bhārata is big with this thought.

The king says,—“What purpose is served in slaying this one ? By slaying a woman, we shall only reap the greater obloquy ; drive away the bawd after shaving her head ; take her to the other shore of the ocean after having painted her cheeks with lime and ink.” Pushing her off, a brother of the Kotāl's takes away Hīrā. He then let her off for a bribe, and the Mālīni flies away. The king had been inspired with suspicion on hearing

Hirā's words ; he now says to the reader of briefs,—
“Do you enquire after his name and lineage.”
Thereupon that officer asks Sundara,—“Tell me, O thief,—What is thy name, whose son art thou, and where is thy home ?” The thief answers,—“I am a prince. Why do you increase the evil by asking for information concerning myself ? You are a reader of briefs. Do you consider where could you meet with thieves and robbers save among low-born folks ? What will you gain by being acquainted with the caste of the thief ? Perhaps if I turn out to be of a high caste, you will appoint for me a high *Sāl*.” One that offers briefs asks him as to his caste. “What is my need to furnish thee with information about myself ?” Witnessing his pride, the king understands his mind. He thereupon said to the physician,—“Do you ask him for the information.” The physician says,—“O thief, do you listen ? I am the king of physicians. Do you let me into matters concerning thyself. You need not feel shame to do so.” The thief replies. “Do you know my caste by feeling my pulse.” The Munshi asks,—“I am the king's Munshi. Do you inform me of your name and lineage. Do you leave off getting cross.” The thief says,—“You will know the matter, if you can say what the proper address is in writing to a son-in-law that is a thief.” The Bakshi next says,—“I am the Bakshi of the king. Do you unfold yourself to me, leave prevarications.” The thief replies,—“I am in a scrape for account.

You will gather my caste from my countenance.' The Brahmans and scholars then ask Sundārā for a knowledge of him. Thereat the thief says, "Now I am in an evil case. Do you examine the marks on me, and see whether they denote caste, or quality or substance or *Vunyanā*.' Thus by verbal dexterity Sundārā puts off jestingly every one that asks him for self information. At length the monarch himself asks for the knowledge. Thereupon Bharata says,—“This is what is fit.’

THE THIEF LETS THE KING INTO HIS SELF KNOWLEDGE.

Virasingha Roy says,—“I do not wish to cut him off, because pity tells me. Say, what is your name, and what your caste, and whose son you are, and what village is your home ? Tell me true, for if you speak falsely, you shall go to the mansion of Yama.’ Hearing this, Sundārā says,—“I am the servant of Kalika ; and I look down upon craven fear. Listen to me, O magnanimous monarch, who ever believes a thief ? I am the son of a king,—but why will you believe this when I say it ? my name Vidyā’s husband. By caste I am a Vidyadhara

and my village is named Vidyapur. Hear me, worshipful father-in-law, the name of my sire is Vidya's father-in-law. You are virtue incarnate,—but what is this your justice that you call me a thief without trial. Vidyā had vowed that he that would win in argumentation should become her husband. Who cares for caste in the matter of a vow?—He that wins in a promise, takes the bride away. Remember the matter as given in the purāṇas; whenever there is a vow, there the thing is dealt with thus. Do you ask Vidyā herself. She has made me her husband after having been vanquished in a literary contest. Whoever I may be; I have won Vidyā in promise; and I am not the person to let her go. Do you give me my own Vidyā. Do you remain here with your caste while I repair home. Vidya is my caste and my life;—she is my austerities and recitations and sacrifice and wealth and meditation and knowledge.' The monarch exclaims in ire,—“He will not render an account of himself. O Kotal, hew him down.’ The thief persists in his dissimulation. “If I don't get Vidyā, death is welcome to me. For the sake of Vidyā, I here came in the guise of a mendicant, leaving my home. I daily came to your court, and daily did you deceive me. It is because you had not bestowed Vidyā on me that making a hole I had gone to her.’ Hearing this the persons present at the court say,—“Even that one is this thief. He is no human being.” The Kotal asks permis-

sion to cut him off, but the lord of the earth forbids him by signing with his eyes. Then describing Vidyā, the thief recited fifty *slokas* musing on Abhaya. Hearing him, all were struck with astonishment. Bhārat gives a few only of them.

—20—

The end of the part of Wednesday.

THE THIEF RECITES SLOKAS BEFORE THE KING.

Radha is the apple of my eye—that one of blameless limbs is the other half of my body. To behold her, my mind ever rushes out, defying all hinderance. Radha is mine and I am Radha's,—every thing is bound by Radha. Radha is my contemplation, Radha is my knowledge, Radha is the desire of my heart. Bharata never severs in this world, being bowed at the feet of Radha and Krishna.

“Even now that one fair complexion like golden *champakas*, having soft down on her person, and a countenance like the full-blown lotus, rise from her bed, her senses overpowered by the desire that warms her heart,—and she is filled with apprehension on hearing my condition.” Hearing this descrip-

tion of his daughter, the king burning with shame says,—‘Down with him !’ Thereat the thief says,—‘mighty monarch, listen once more.’

Still I remember it always. One night, she would not speak with me for a fault of mine. I fail to make her open her lips, in spite of my best efforts at length, to make her say—live!—I sneezed artfully. If I live, her wifehood remains in foot,—to express this, she wore in her ear a golden ear-ring. Thinking of her wit, my frame burns in grief. He said—live you—by act without uttering a word.’

The king answers.—‘I shall see what kind of son-in-law thou art. Will not her wifehood remain if thou diest? Perceiving the lapse, the poet, said, —‘Let this court bear witness,—that the monarch has called me his son-in-law. Whether I am worthy or otherwise, he has termed me his son-in-law. None can help it, after having once made Heaven his witness.’ He replies ‘you cannot hew me down.’

Even now Hara does not cast away the poison that remains, in his throat ; the tortoise still bears on his back the burthen of the earth and the lord of the waters still holds the unbearable *Barava* fire, the promise of the virtuous is never rendered false.’

Stricken with shame, Virasingha hangs down his head. The persons assembled at the court say, —‘This thief is no man.’ The king understood that he was describing Vidyā. The Roy—the abode of

worth eulogises Mohābidyā. If I give the two significations the work is prolonged very much. The learned will understand it on consulting the commentary on the *choraponchasat*. The king bending his head down muses, What shall I do now ? I have not been able to ascertain who he is. Who can he be ? I infer from his guise that he cannot be of mean extraction. I don't know what may be the consequence if I slay him suddenly.' He then signs to the Kotal with his eyes to take the thief to the execution ground. He can possibly unfold himself to you from fear. Anirudha had in this way carried away Usā ; and Vāna came to grief by binding him. Krishna's son had carried away Lakshmānā ; on her account Duryodhana got into difficulty. Therefore I ought not to slay him rashly. Further my courtiers say that he is a worthy person. Kotal goes to the execution ground taking Sundara. The poet thinks of Bhabani in a disconsolate mood. In the king's court, the male parrot of Sundara, by way of reproaching the king, converses artfully. That foremost of poets,—that abode of excellences, the Roy furnished with auspiciousness, has composed this *Aunapurnā Mangala*.

THE MALE PARROT GIVES INFORMATION CONCERNING SUNDARA.

Witnessing the plight of Sundara, the female parrot giving her bill to that of her mate, laments musically. Thereupon the latter laments in the same style with the female parrot. The courtiers are charmed with hearing the utterance of woe. Demonstrating displeasure, the Suka, driving out the Sāri, censures the Sovereign, pretending to censure female in general; "O Sari! Out of my sight! hard is the art of a female. They ruin the males in affairs of amour. The accomplished Sundara furnished with every perfection,—the son of the king Gunasindhu—is going to lose his life on account of Vidyā. The robber's daughter having made her husband a good natured soul by virtue of a potent drug, kills him afterwards. Gunasindhu's Vidyā is such a one. He married him secretly; but at length she got him to be apprehended: the daughter of decoit is a Rākhsasi. Alas! Alas! Woe worth the day, Hari! Hari! The wicked minded wench has caused the murder of her husband. Thou art the Sari of the very same Vidyā; and doubtless hast acquired her virtues. Some day thou wilt take my life. Like deity, like vehicle and ornaments." Hearing the Suka's words the courtiers

whisper in one another's ears. The king was inspired with suspicion. The parrot says the same thing that the Málini had said. Perhaps the thief is Gunasindhu's son." The king says, "O Suka, tell me over again what you have said. Do you know all about the thief? Tell me, how can I believe that this one is the son of the king Gunasindhu? He has stolen Vidyā—when the Kotal apprehended and brought him here; he refused to acquaint us with his identity. You are sensible.—Tell me why I should not slay him. Why have you called me a dacoit?" There at the Suka says.—'noble-minded one, what prince ever publishes his own identity? The Bhat does the work for him; the match-makers describe his genealogy—this is the way with the great. My lord, Sundara never will reveal his own personality himself. But I am a bird,—and what weight is to be attached to my speech? You had sent a Bhat to his place. May it please to summon him,—then you will learn all.' The king says,—just so. Then he asks the leader of the Bhats,—'Who had gone to Kanchi-pure'? The Jamadar replied,—"Gongā Bhat had gone there.' Thereupon the king commanded, 'Bring him here. "To bring the Bhat, ten Rajpoot envoys set-out speedily. On another spot the lofty-souled Sundara hymns Kālikā in fifty letters of the alphabet.

This says the Poet—the—Roy—the abode of every virtues.



SUNDARA'S HYMN TO KALI IN THE EXECUTION-GROUND.

Mother Kalika ! Kali ! Kali ! Kali ! Kali ! Kali ! Kali !
 Kalika ! Thou that wearest the severed heads of Chanda
 and Munda. The long locks of thy dishevelled hair wave
 to and fro. On thy forehead burns fierce fire and the moon
 beams beauteous. Thou gracest, lolling out of thy tongue
 carelessly. The corners of thy mouth are covered profusely
 with gore : and thou laughest horridly grim. And uttering
 terrible roars, committest dreadful carnage among beings
 uttering gibberish. Thou laughest, having glutted thyself
 with gore ; and thou dancest widely, with song and measure.
 Thou removest fear, and conferrest desire, O thou that holdest
 a scimitar and a human head. Thy lotus-feet are placed on
 Sambhu's breast and legs. Thou humblest the arrogance of

the mean minded Daityas. Thou maintainest leonine jackals yelling frightfully. Come ! Come ! O goddess and grant, O goddess with thy teeth dyed with blood, supplicant Bharata his wish, O thou that cherishest veneration for Krishna.

O Aparna ! O unconquerable one ! O younger sister of Achyuta ! Thou hast no begining, thou art infinite ; O Annapurna, having eight arms. Thou foremost of beings,—thou art the soul, do thou coming here, fulfil my wish. It is thou that hast brought me here, laying thy command on me. O thou, that represents the will, thou art moon-faced, O Indrani, O Indira, O thou furnished with blue-lotus eyes, thou askest for wine by a sign. O Iswari, O spouse of I's lord, O thou that smilest sweetly, thou art no common being—but the will of Isana. O Uma ! thou that dost stand on the bosom of Siva, appear to confer thy blessings. Thou that bearest a sacred thread of serpents. O Tara ! with thy locks raised aloft, O thou, having thighs like plantain trunks, thou displayer of light, thou hast undone me by throwing me into this surging ocean. O thou, that art the six seasons, thou art the vedik *mantra* ; and the wealth of heaven and thou that are bound in the Rini circle, do thou give me prosperity, (*) ri signifies the gates of heaven. Thou art heaven itself. O thou representing heaven, protect me, thou bestower of heaven (‡) li means the Vedas, thou art the Vedas. What will the study of the Vedas avail—Do they comprehend

thee completely ? (३) lee means the mother of the Daityas and (३ डव) is the name of a Dánava. Although thou art (३) thyself, thou hast destroyed Libhava. O thou that ridest a lion, do thou look on this one that is devoted to thee entirely. Having brought me here, can you escape now ? O Isani ! I hunger after worldly enjoyments, Indra himself seeks those feet of thine. The lustre of thy upper lip beats hollow the sheen of Odra flower. Thy feet are the refuge of the distressed, saving them by virtue of thy 'energy.' O bringer of mishaps, thou dost remove them. Neglecting thy dear sons, thou lettest them burn in unquenchable fire. O thou who pervadest every where, O thou furnished with effulgence, Kansa's foe sprung from a portion of thee. My body is foul with sin. Do thou take me on thy lap. In the one letter lexicon (अ) is the only Brahma. Oh ! what dost thou do, O thou that art Brahma. Do thou cherish me. Thou art Kalī and Kalu and the spouse of Kala, and Karali, and Kalika. Art thou adorned with the ear-rings of Daitya corpses. Do thou have mercy upon me exercised with affliction. O thou, that destroyest wicked people with thy sharp scimitar and a skull representing a shield. Do thou, laughing in glee, cut the guileful ones. Thou art the daughter of the Mountain, and the wife of Grisā, — Thou art Gauri, and the mother of Ganesa. Thou art Gaya and thou art Ganga, and, going on a lion, thou art the song of the Gita. Thy approach

proclaimed by roars and rattling. Thy *gharghar* and bells tinkle melodiously. ॐ means Siva's eight forms, and the five kinds of sensations,—O thou that representest both, do thou protect me entirely. O wife of Chandrachura, O ringer of the bell of doom, O sipper of the wine cup, they have cunningly made me a thief. O Chandika, look thou on me. O thou representing-vission, unfold thyself to me, thy son. They maliciously cry 'O fie,' and there at my eyes are tremulous with tears. Victory, O Jayavati hued like a mass of clouds. Extend victory to me, O Jayanti, O mother of the universe. O thou that art like a hurricane at the universal dissolution do thou come blowing like a fierce wind, blood dropping fast from thy garland of human head. (९) implies—rattling sounds and a singer,—do thou with rattling sounds and chanting strains, come here to remove my evil thoughts. O thou that bearest a Tanka, do thou using thy bow and axe, pull the foe by the scalp lock and thus remove my disgrace. O goddess, what a calamity it is that thou hast brought me into impudent people speak roughly, and calumniators villify me. Calling tall dakinis by the loud sounds of thy *damaru*, and report of thy Kettledrum. and audible even in a hurly, burly, do thou remove my fear. O thou that removest dangers, and playest on *dhaks* and *dhols* and *dhe-mosas* they push me violently,—do thou save me, O thou of queer movements. (९) na implies Knowledge

as well as decision. O thou that represents (९) na do thou deliver me,—for my best interests are on the point of being marred. O Tripura. O thou furnished with three qualities, three eyes, and a trident, do thou save thy distressed son. O thou deliverest all. (९) tha means a stone,—thou art a daughter of a mountain. Do thou quiet me, for I tremble intensely afflicted with terror. O Daksha's daughter O merciful, O repressor of Dánavas, O Durgá, O subduer of misfortune, do thou remove my grief. O Dharitri, O stay of Dhata, O all of Dhurjati, O holder of foisons and wealth ; O object of contemplation, rescue me, O Narasinghi, O thou engarlanded with human heads, O Naráyani, O daughter of the foremost of mountains, O thou having eyes of blue lotus. Through the potency of those feet of thine that purify sinners. Do thou, O goddess, ferry me over for I have fallen into distress. Thou art success itself. O thou that lovest flowers and fruits and snakes, Thou hast undone me by leading me into this maze. O thou of expansive eyes, O wife of Viswanath, having first conferred Vidyā on me, thou dost at length bring about my death in a foreign land. O dread goddess, O beloved of Bhima, O thou that speakest fiercely in terror-stricking accents. O thou who is Bhavās spouse, O Bhabani, remove my fear. O Maḥamāya, O Maheswuri, O spouse of Mahesa thou hast for nothing brought me to ruin by

pouring into my heart the wine of Madana. O giver of fame, O thou that art Yamuna and sacrifice, O daughter of the Yaduline, I go to Yama's abode ; do you come speedily. O thou whose tongue is moist with the blood of Raktavija. O thou that revelest in war, gesticulating horribly, do thou save me. O thou whose tongue lolls out quick, and whose dishevelled locks float about like those of one mad. O Vārāhi, O Vaishnavi, O Brahmi, O Vālā, O Balā, filled with energy. I have been taken captive in Varddhamaṇa ; do thou O pure one, save me. O Mondane energy, O Sivāni O thou that enhancest energy, O thou that bearest a moon in thy forehead ; do thou, O thou that bringest welfare, that deprivest the fatal night of its terrors, bring about my welfare. O mother of the six-faced one, O thou that takest delight in the six Ragas, O thou hued like a black-bee,—O thou that sportest in the six seasons, O Saroda, O essence of all, O thou that rangest every where, that lookest all with an even eye,—that bringest advantage to the good. O Haimavati, O mother of Hiramva. O beloved of Hara, Alas ! Alas ! I am going to be slain,—do thou cast thy eyes on me, and save me. O bringer of good, forgive me by looking at me for a moment, I am afflicted,—I am filled with grief, by thinking of the slender framed one. Thus Sundara hymned the goddess in fifty letters. Bharata says,—Kali knew it within herself.

THE GODDESS CHEERS UP SUNDARA.

Seeing that her boon-sprung son had been considered as a thief and taken by the Kotal to the place of execution, Kali's heart was filled with wrath ; she exclaimed,—“Do ye squeeze yourselves” ; and on rushed all the *yoginis* with grin smiles and rattling sounds. Come thronging Dākinis and Hākinis and Spectres and Sānkhinies and Petinis, Doots and Brāhmadaityas and Bhairabs and Betals and goblins and Bhairabas come marching, with ranks of *yakshas* and *rakshas* ; Ghantākarna and Nandi ; and Mohakala himself in the van of the former ; Kālī at length appears on the scene, her matted locks dishevelled, a grin smile playing on her lips, and her three reddened eyes rolling like wheels. Her tongue lolls out, quivering ; fire is flaming furiously on her forehead,—she crushes her terrible teeth. Her mouth is large, with streaks of blood in its corners, and she has corpses of infants for her ear-rings. Her four illusion creating hands respectively carry a sword a human head, bestow boons and remove fear. A garland of human heads float on her neck. Entrails of Daityas are wound round her,—her *kinkinies* are composed of the hands of Daityas ; and she is adorned in various ornaments of bones. The jackals are ranged all around, tempted by flesh and blood ; the universe is thunder struck, with their cries. Heaven and the

nether regions tremble under the weight of her feet. To prevent universal dissolution at such an unusual hour, Siva becoming a corpse, lies down. Merged in contemplation with closed eyes, holds her feet on his breast. Thus inspiring Sundara with courage, the goddess stood at Varddhamana in an aerial car "Never fear, never fear, child, who can slay thee? If they do so, I will bring on dissolution. If the king slay thee, I will make a river of blood roll, having slain Virasingha with his kindred, reviving thee, I will confer on thee Vidyā with the kingdom; what is thy fear thou beloved of Vidyā?" The wise Sundara hears the aerial words of the goddess; but others could not hear them. The poet looks up and discovers the goddess; and anon his frame is filled with delight. Through the grace of Kālīka, Sundara feels himself quite at ease, all his bounds having been taken off him. The Dākinīs and Yoginis and Spectres bound Kotāl together with every one of the soldiery. While Sundara was thus placed, Gongā Bhat appeared before the monarch. Bhārata ends sweetly — "Do you all listen heedfully to the conversation of the Bhat and the king."

THE KING ASKS THE BHAT.

“O ! Gongā, tell me why the son of king, Gunasindhu, Sundara has not come ? Have you not told him all that I had explicitly desired you to say ? I had sent you on an errand ; but you forgot it and have deceived me. You are a Bhat ; but you have become a cheat and you have brought disgrace upon poetry and thy profession. I have termed you my friend, have loved you well, I have conferred on you horses, and elephants having them equipped gorgeously, and have crowned your head with a cap. I have given you a buckler and a sword, and have made you read all the poetry. I have given you a village and a residence, and have conferred on you the name of a mighty poet with heaps of gems ; and have advanced your honour. But you have spoilt my business ; and have not told all about it to Bhārati.”

THE BHAT'S REPLY.

“O ! king, repairing to Kanchipura, your Bhat presented himself at the court of the king ; and there finding the Prince, delivered the letter with

joined hands, bowing down to the earth ; and told him all relating to the Princess. Having received the note he questioned me particularly. Thereupon, I finding him a fit bridegroom, unfolded everything to him, magnifying matters vastly, with the view of captivating his heart. The Prince was exceedingly wrought up, and pined with desire. Soon after I had communicated this to him, he went away none knows where, deceiving everybody. His father and mother are filled with grief, not seeing him. Having, in sorrow, spent five months there, I, returning to Vardhamana communicated the news. O king ! you may have forgotten it, but I had delivered the intelligence. Pray, summon the Devan and the Bakshi and ask them concerning it” Thereupon, comprehending the matter, the king said to the Bhat,—“Do you see the marks on the thief and ascertain the matter relating him.” Receiving the mandate of the monarch, Gonga hies to the spot. Then he saw the marks on the thief’s person, and bowed his head down to the ground. He hastily returned to the king and spoke to him thus,—“Even this one is the very same son of the sovereign of Kānchi. Fortunate you are, O king ! coming if himself he has stayed here, with the view of marrying your daughter, why have you sent the thief to the place of execution ? Considering yourself fortunate, do you going there, bring the Prince, honoring him.”

At the word of the Bhat, the king rejoicing exceedingly, goes to the place of execution for bringing Sundara.—Bharati composed.

THE KING GOES TO THE EXECUTION GROUND TO CARESS SUNDARA.

Thus Having learnt every thing from the lips of the Bhat, Virsingha gladly awarded an elephant on him. Then binding an axe on his neck, he goes to the execution ground accompanied with his courtiers and friends. Going to the place, he sees Sundara,—contemplating the goddess. The Kotal with his soldiery are bound. They cannot see who has bound them. Uttering roars in the air, the spectres dance wildy; the Dakinis and the Yoginis send up shouts. The Bhairabas utter dreadful yells,—they go on singing and dancing in festal hilarity,—the rending Spirit of cemeteries presents in the execution ground. Understanding the presence of divinity, the king knowing all mentally, beseeches Sundara much. “Unknowingly I have offended. Pray, do you banish anger. I have at length guessed who you are.” Thus besought; that poet—the—Roy having regard to the fact that, the king was his father-in-

law, said with a glad countenance—"I have of myself become a thief. This has conduced to my happiness and not grief. Do you continue to cherish me kindly." King Virshingha replies,—'Listen, my father ! What will be done for the Kotal ? How can he be released ? Do you enlighten me as to that.' Sundara answers. 'Listen, O king, I will tell you all about it. There is Kalika in the sky. It is she who comprehends all this. Do you worship her and she will save you all ; and your welfare of here and hereafter will be compassed.' Hearing this Virsingha, considering himself blessed, summoned his priests and spiritual guides, and bringing various articles, worshipped Annada ; and eulogized her heedfully. Virsingha again says,—"Listen, father ! Where is Kalika ? If I can behold her, then only can I believe and be blessed through your kindness.' Laughing, Sundara lays his fingers on the king's person—thereupon Virasingha is inspired with supersensuous perception. Viewing Kalika's roscate feet, the king was about to lose his senses ; Then Vabani vanished. Having freed the Kotal, the Dákinis and the Yoginis disappeared from the scene. The king received back the kingdom of his senses. He took Sundara and entered his palace.



THE KING OFFERS VIDYA IN MARRIAGE.

Seating him upon a throne he conferred Vidyā upon Sundara with attires and ornaments ; the monarch extolled Sundara much ; various festivities were held—the the women set up tumult of *hula hulis*. A thief Sundara becoming an honest person now, sported many a day. Ten months were completed ; an auspicious day dawned ; and the chaste Vidya gave birth to a son. The *Susthi* ceremony was celebrated,—rice was given to the child on the completion of six months. At length

the son was a full year old. The Sundara says to Vidyā, 'I will go to my house.' Bharata says,—Even this is right.'

SUNDARA ASKS FOR PERMISSION TO RETURN TO HIS NATIVE LAND

O love ! do not sing me the key of departure. The measure brooks not ever so little a lapse : do you not beat false measure. This body of mine is the instrument, my veins are so many cords,—my mind is engaged in weaving out melodies. Pray do not make a drunkard dance, you say,—“I go. I go.”—my soul says the s me. Do not kill me by saying it again and again. You are a luminous cloud and illumines the land. It is all dark without you. Do not lead us in darkness. Be the husband of Bharati, do you take her burden, without shoving aside that Bharati, do not renounce Bharata.

Sundara says,—“Lady, I will go home. Do you well pleased speak out your mind. Informing your father of it, bid me farewell, or if you love me, come in my company” Vidyā answers.—“Lord I will do so. Made such by Providence, that a husband and a wife should live each other. As you have kindly shown me your favor, do you remain a few days more in this country. I have heard that the people of that

country talk gibberish. Ah ! my god, what is that country, where the Gongā does not flow ? While these regions are on the very banks of the Gongā. The water of this land tastes like the nectar of that. He is better to be a reptile or a crab on this shore of the Gongā than to be a magnificent monarch at the place distant from it. Sundara rejoins, —“Love, you speak well ; but one’s native land and mother are far more desirable to one than heaven itself.” Vidyā says,—“So long you had remained here as a thief : do you for a few days abide with me as an honest person.” Sundara replies, Lady, do not think so. Never will the epithet of thief go off from me. It is Kālikā who has made me your thief, can you make me honest ? For your sake I used to go to your father and back in the guise of a mendicant. You do not know that ; nor does the Mālini hear of it, lady. I am so much yours.’ Vidyā says,—“As you are such a mendicant, so you had sought to make a female mendicant of me. Although a male, such is thy art seeming ? I don’t know what you would have done if you had been a female. I wish to see how you looked as a mendicant. It makes me laugh on hearing it. The Roy says,—“What hitch is there in becoming a mendicant ; but where shall I secure a female one, mating me ? And where shall I get that accoutrement ? The king has robbed me off it, when I was taken for a thief. Hearing this

Vidyā sent her hand maid Sulāchanā ; and had the khungi with the manuscript and the male and female parrots brought there immediately. He then took out that dress from the khungi ; and the Prince became a mendicant as he had done before. Bhārata says, —“Listen, O worshipful Bhārati, you have attained your wish. Do not give up begging.’

VIDYA AND SUNDARA DRESSED AS MENDICANTS.

The fresh blown beauty and her graceful lover look charming. They looked like Rati and Kama of handsome presence. How various are their motions and gestures. They are the oars whereby to cross the ocean of sentiment. The anklets are eloquent and the *kinkinies* tinkle melodiously ; and the bangles ring pleasantly. Hastily the matted locks are put on, and they wave this way and that. Baffling Smara's shafts, they deck themselves in snakes of verulant venom. Her hand maids in chorus chant festal strains, and the notes flow on waving. They beat measure and dance. They play lustily on various sweet instruments, making the *mridanga* keep measure. Bharta's mind is bewitched.

Beholding the grace of the mendicant, the youthful damsel was captivated. She wished in her heart to dress herself like a female mendicant. Remem-

bering former things, she wondered exceedingly and bowed down to him, saying,—“I salute you, O Narāyana !’ The Roy says,—‘What alms, O Narayani, will you give me ?’ Vidyā answers,—“Worshipful sir, what is there that I can give you ?” Pretending to ask for alms, Sundara celebrated the rites of Kāma. Then the poet again says, enhancing desire,—“Sitting in the court near your father, I have, you know it, promised saying, that if I am defeated by you in the midst of assembly, I shall serve you, shaving this burthen of matted locks ; and if I in the controversy can defeat you, I will take you to holy spots and make you observe religious vows, and put on a tiger skin and rub your person with ashes. All have known that I have come off victorious ; now, if you become a female mendicent, I shall give you credit for your vow. Vidyā says,—“Even this is fit, she whose husband is a mendicant is herself a female one.’ Then laughing Vidyā dresses like a female mendicant. Knitting her hair, she made matted locks, painted a crescent over the vermeil taint on the moon of her countenance. Dappling her Sari with black spots she made it look like a tiger skin. Rubbing off the sandal paste from her person with a blush, as if it were ashes, she smiling the while, became engaged in rubbing ashes on her fair person. Frightened at the sight of a Rudraksha, diamonds, sapphires corals and pearls that graced her

neck, fled away. And then she dressed herself as a female mendicant sat at the left of her mate. At the sight of that dress, Rati and Kama are filled with shame. He of five arrows falls into mistake of taking them for Hara and Gauri. Anon drawing his flowery bow, he discharged floral shafts at them. Thereupon the mighty and exalted Yogi quaffed copious draughts of Madana ; and a goodly number of times performed the mysterious rites of Kāma. At length pouring in the final and full libation, the poet says,—“Do you give me the Dakshina in the shape of bidding me adieu, as I start for the South.” Hearing this, Vidyā began to think within herself,—“Although I have endeavoured in various ways, still I have been unable to stay. “My husband, if go you must to your own home, do you at my request remain here for twelve months more. That woman’s body is of no use that does not serve her husband. during the twelve months in the prescribed ways.” Vidyā then describes the comforts that are to be enjoyed during the twelve months. Bhārata says,—“Will Sundara be deceived by that ?”

DESCRIPTION OF THE TWELVE MONTHS.

Why do you say "I go, I go." My love, do you stay here twelve months. The twelve months contain six seasons, men divide life into three ages ; but separation from the beloved strikes the heart terribly at this season. The warbling of the coel, the humming of the black bee, and the sweet south wind madden the mind. The lightning's flash, rain adrifts, the dance of the delighted peacocks and the glee of frogs are difficult to bear. The lotuses will be destroyed, and radish flowers will blow. This will try Bharat sore.

"It is a pleasant time here during the month of Bysakh, soft breezes impregnated with the fragrance of various flowers blow at this season. I will seat you on the liquid expanse of my bosom, what will the coel's lay, Kama and the summer be able to do ? In Yaista the ripe mangos are plentiful in this country ; Purandara wishes to feed upon them leaving aside ambrosia. Daubing *auguru* on a fan of *mallikas*, I will fan you waking love. In Asār fresh clouds rumble deep ; and they are a very Yama to those pining in separation ; but they are dear to those united with their beloved. If the fair one happens to sit with her back on her lover she anon clasped him terrified at the roaring of the the clouds. In *Shravana* the days and the nights resemble one another. The air becomes surcharged with the perfumes of lotuses and lillies. The thunder roars and

the lightnings flash momentarily, you will hear the cries of peacocks and the croaking of frogs. In Bhādra you will see the earth replenished with water ; and we will go in a boat both at flood and ebb tides, the sounds of shours and the whispers of the winds will we two listen to, laying down with our arms on each others' shoulders. In Ashin, the image of Durga is reared in this country ; but who knows this at all in your land ? In Kartik, the image of Kali is set up here. You will behold the image of the Primeval one of infinite power. By and by we will draw on the humid season. What happiness can the residents in that country enjoy, than to live in this country. The dew falls plentifully in Agrahāyana ; but you will sport with me and that will deprive winter of its edge. Then you will have new delicious rice, difficult to be obtained by the celestials themselves,—and fresh clarified butter and curd—grateful to the palate. In Pāṇis, the three worlds are busy themselves in enjoying life, then the days are very short and nights very long. You know very well the comfort to be enjoyed in that country. Do you now enjoy those that can be commanded here. The winter in Magha in its roughest mood, becomes terrible as a tiger himself. He that has a young wife stirs not out from his chamber. In the humid season, one is done death in a lotus-grove, and he of the flowery bow erases with shafts made of radish flowers. Of the twelve months, Falguna is most ticklish. Madana's fire flames up at the breath

of the vernal breeze. The air rings with the coel's notes and the piping of the black bee is audible ; and withered trees put forth fresh sprouts—How much more shall I describe ? The month of Chaitra is a mellow time, then will I show you many a blandishment of Madana. Consider, lord, that the difference between one's own home and that of one's father-in-law, is very great. In this worthless world, the mansion of one's father-in-law is the only reality. Hari dwells on the ocean of milk and Hara in the abode of snow. Laughing, Sundara says,—“It is for the very same reason that I in my turn, tell you to go to your father-in-law's place. Vidyā was struck dumb. That mighty poet the Ray—prayed his father-in-law and mother-in-law for permission to depart. Thereat the king and the queen tried hard to dissuade him. At length they bade him farewell with joined hands. They gave him many things, which is long to tell. They sent with Sundara male and female servants and large body of troupes. The prince then remembered his aunt Malini. Telling it to the king he gave her much wealth. Bharata says,—the pair happily set out. How shall I describe the *wailings* of the females ?

SUNDARA RETURNS TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Taking Vidyā, Sundara with a joyful heart returned home. He bowed down to his father and mother. Filled with joy, the king and the queen receiving their daughter-in-law and grandson, gave themselves up to festivities. Accepting Sundara's worship, Kali appeared before the married couple, and addressed them thus,—“Ye are my male and female servants, coming to the earth through a curse, ye have published my beneficence. Your vow has been consummated,—do you now go to your abode in heaven. You have gratified me in various ways.” Saying this, she enlightened their understanding—clearing it from illusion,—and then imparted to them the knowledge of Mangala. The goddess endowed them with supersensuous insight; and the two were filled with the spirit of knowledge; and they saw everything connected with their former lives. Then holding the feet of the goddess, they besought her much, shedding plentiful of tears. Consoling their parents, they departed soon, laying the charge of government on their son. Joyfully the two set out for the celestial regions in company of the goddess. Thereupon the king and the queen were overwhelmed with grief. Kalika joyfully arrived the summit of Kailasa.

The history is ended. The Brahamana, Bharata sings, King Krishna Chandra had commanded him to do so.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Line.</i>		<i>Read.</i>
3	9	forhead	forehead
6	13	surverer	survivor
12	13	lookes	looks
13	3	such an one	such a one
14	1	confered	conferred
14	3	cloth	cloths
16	3	radient	radiant
17	14	practise	practice
20	6	seperation	separation
22	5	descourses	discourses
27	6	this	thus
27	17	rupces are	rupees were
39	1	coquettry	coquetry
41	14	if you vow	of your vow
41	23	amunts	amounts
42	9	docked	decked
46	10	revesed	reversed
47	2	men	men's
47	9	mightly	mighty
47	14	briuted	bruited
47	22	take place	chooses
47	26	Dhumiketu	Dhumketu
48	1	from	from
49	4	confering	conferring
49	11	disssmised	dismissed
51	3	a Hari	<i>Hari</i>

51	7	hight	height
53	9	arial	aerial
53	13	luner	lunar
53	13	exercises	afflicts
53	19	fame	frame
53	21	life	like
53	27	twinking	twinkling
54	3	as	is
54	5	swifly	swiftly
54	16	aquaintance	acquaintance
55	12	Having I.	Having
55	22	confined	confined
55	28	judgement	judgment
56	5	dum-founded	dumfounded
57	2	because	because
56	19	recieved	received
58	10	absent	in absence of mind
59	1	Chrkora	Chakora
59	7	<i>minansa</i>	<i>mimansa</i>
59	8	as regarded	as regards
59	16	discussious	discussions
59	12	Samhitas	Sanhitas
59	17	Bhattachayya	Bhattacharya
59	23	problam	problem
60	1	bridegrom	bridegroom
68	16	resambling	resembling
72	7	aimes	aims
72	28	faction	function
73	21	theif	thief

74	7	.	,
75	20	grivously	grievously
76	5	honseholder	householder
76	6	mattod	matted
76	3	parmour	paramour
79	12	courtears	courtiers
81	18	mans	man's
83	9	adressing	addressing
84	15	Suudar's	Sundar's
87	23	vrtue	virtue
88	22	askes	asks
91	14	disconselate	disconsolate
92	2	slander	slender
92	7	complxion	complexion
94	23	dead	deed
96	14	avils	avails
98	11	yours	your
98	21	gaurd	guard
104	8	is	us
106	18	and goying hair	
		then	binding in chains
106	24	the	The
106	24	Instantaneously	instantaneous
106	24	in city	in the city
106	25	theif	thief
106	26	in prison	prison
107	1	art	part
108	15	kow	know

APPENDIX

NOTES.

HYMN TO GANESA.

Page I. *Ganesha* :—A son of Siva and Parvati. His head is like that of an elephant and body that of a human being. On worshipping any of the images he is the divinity whose adoration holds precedence. The Hindus take his name on starting on any profession or errand. The doing so is deemed as conducive to success. So Bharat Chandra undertaking the task of composing 'Vidya Sundara' was foremost in dwellir ; upon his prayer.

(1b)—*Brahma* :—The creator. In Hindu Theology Brahma is distinguished as the Prime being created the three worlds :—Heaven, Earth and the Nether regions. In fact, he is identical with Deity.

(1c)—*Yoga* :—The literature of the Hindus is unique in possessing the *Yoga* system. It lays down body of rules for suspending breath, and so concentrating thought. When this is effected, the person so engaged, brings all the energies of thought into a focus, and meditates the invincible one. The consummation is *Samadhi*, in which the Yogi becomes dead to the external world, its power and influence are all delight, his soul being unified with *Brahmanada*. A recent specimen of this class was brought to Bhukailas by the Rajahs of that place. They tried, (with what earthly object

is known to themselves alone), to break the Yogi's *Samadhi*. They tied him to a post on the bank of the Ganges at ebb-tide,—and the flood-tide having passed over his person, submerged him completely; After which they took him away. Further they, it is said, tried upon the Saint red-hot iron, and devised such other means to bring him to his senses. At last they succeeded. The Yogi, who looked respondent, his face betokening beatitude, waned hourly,—and in a week gave up the ghost. Sanskrit literature deals very largely with the system,—it frequently playing important parts in many a legend and story. The Theosophic movement and that set a foot by the illustrious spiritualist, Andrew Jackson Davis, are recent attempts at resuscitating *Yoga*. The *Yoga*, it must be understood has nothing supernatural in it—every thing is attained by natural means. The system points that there is a soul under the material vesture,—and gives directions for bringing down the domination of the latter and developing the powers of the former.

(1d)—*Homa* :—Oblation to the gods through the agency of fire.

(1e) Regions beneath :—The Hindu cosmogony has three worlds,—heaven, the abode of gods, earth that of mortals, and patala, the nether regions, the abode of Demi-divine snakes &c.

Page 2. *Durga* :—One of the forms of Parvati, having ten hands—the form which she assumed in destroying a particular class of demons. The Hindu mythology tells us of the demons on one side and the deities on the other, and these two waged perpetual war for obtaining supremacy over celestial regions.

(2a)—Universal dissolution :—After a course of years, the cosmical system is brought to naught, and creation is renewed. Thus it fares with the world from period to period. At the time of a *Pralaya*, or universal dissolution, twelve

several suns appear in the sky and burn every thing. The ocean overleaps its contents and submerges all ; and the winds of heaven are let loose, and revel unrestrained, crushing Nature's moulds and spilling all its germens.

(2b) Brahma, Vishnu and Siva—Three principal deities of the Hindu pantheon consisting of three and thirty millions of gods and goddesses. Brahma is the creator Vishnu the preserver and Siva the destroyer.

(2c) Siva :—is Siva's wife,

(2d) The Veda is the Revelation of the Hindus,—and the earliest of their works.

(2e) *Brahm* :—is the same as Brahma.

(2f) *Japa* :—is recitation of some sacred passage, or the name of any deity.

(2g) *Hari* :—Vishnu.

(2h) *Hara* :—Siva.

(2i) Four kinds of blessings :—Four kinds of blessings are virtue, interest, happiness and emancipation.

(2j) *Annapurna* is a form of Durga, the form in which she dispenses meats and drinks to mankind. Annapurna is the presiding deity of Benares one of the holy spots of the Hindus.

(2k) Bharata speaks sweetly at the mandate of king Krisna Chandra :—

Old Bengali writers used to end every chapter of their works with a remark or two, generally trite, coupling their names with it. Some of these may offend English taste as self-loud story, but the naive simplicity of those times did not put any hard construction upon them. Rajah Krisna Chandra the king of Krishnanagore in Nuddea, was a great patron of Bharat. He desired him to give free vent to his imagination. We have dwelt upon it at length in the biography of Bharat Chandra.

HYMN TO SIVA.

Page 3. *Sankara* is another name of Siva is one of the sublime embodiments of human religious conception. He personates the function of destruction; but he is sometimes invoked as the creator and preserver. Being the lord of creation he has voluntarily renounced all, retaining by preference only what is abandoned by every one, as being worthless and hateful, such as, snakes, skulls, ashes, bones, cemetaries, corpses &c. He has understood the importance of contemplation and is ceaselessly immersed in it. All material things he disregards and discards, and looks upon spiritual communion as the one thing having worth. When the ocean of poison heaved up, threatening Nature with instant destruction, the gods flew in fear. To save creation, Siva drank up the ocean of poison and removed the distress of deities.

(3a) Mountain's daughter :—Parvati, the daughter of Himalaya, or the spirit informing the mountain of that name.

(3b) His three eyes :—The three eyes respectively look into the present, the past and the future.

(3c) The three qualities :—Goodness, emotion and foulness. The Sanskrit Scriptures in their own peculiar way reconcile the existence of these three qualities with the nature of the Deity,

(3d) Trident :—The instrument of destruction.

(3e) *Tripura* :—An aerial car which was burnt by Siva.

(3f) *Dakinis* :—A particular class of spectres, destroying people by means of incantations etc.

(3g) *Yoginis* :—Female spirits of like nature.

(3h) *Kalakuta* :—Such was the name of poison that Siva drank up, on the occasion of the churning the ocean by the gods and the demons, in quest of ambrosia.

Page 4. The sacred thread :—Is a badge of pre-eminence. This was used in classical times to be worn by the three superior classes, the Brahmins, the Kshatriyas and the Vaisyas, signifying the circumstance of their belonging to the races of the twice-born. One who is born first in the flesh, and then anew in the spirit. Now-a-days it is worn by the Brahmins and Vaidyas of Bengal alone. The latter however being permitted to wear it on their waist ; the Brahmins on their left shoulder, passing it over their breast and back under their right arm. A Brahmana must never part with the *paita*—the sacred thread,—even for a moment, as long as he lives. The investiture of a boy with the *paita* takes place at the age of nine or eleven. He must be shaven, have his ears pierced, wear a cloth dyed red, bear a staff, and hold a certain form. He must then remain concealed for a number of days, and observe a certain regimen. He must not talk with any one for a year when seating at meals. The ceremony, touching the sacred-thread was fraught with an important idea in days of yore, but, now it has, like many other rites degenerated into hollow formation. It is a question, if one among a thousand of those that are invested understands or are made to understand the lofty sentiment that is embodied by the investiture.

(4a) Illusion :—The world is enveloped in illusion, through superhuman genius, which prevents people from attaining to a right knowledge of things and seeing things in their naked and native shapes. The burthen of the Indian sages song is "Things are not what they seem."

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Page (5) How does the lotus laugh with delight :—The lotus is the love of the sun, and the lily that of the moon. Such is the Sanskrit poetical convention. The lotus blooms at the sight of the sun and remains so, all the day, closing at night. The lily laughs seeing the Moon, and closes at dawn.

(5a) Twelve forms :—The twelve forms of the sun are :—
(1) Bibaswan (3) Arjama (3) Pusha (4) Tawsta (5) Sabita (6) Vaga (7) Dhata (8) Bidhata (9) Varuna (10) Mitra (11) Sastri (12) Urukrama. It is written in the Puranas that these twelve Adityas or twelve forms of the sun will appear at the Universal dissolution.

(5b) *Grahus* :—There are nine *grahus* or planets in the Hindu Astronomy, Rabi, Chandra, Mangala, Boodha, Brihaspati, Shukra, Shani, Rahu, Ketu.

(5c) *Sanjana* :—Means consciousness. People regain their consciousness on the rising of the sun. Hence *Sanjana* is considered as one of the brides of the sun. *Sanjana* gave birth to three sons, *Manu*, *Yama*, *Yamana*.

(5d) *Chhaya* :—Means shadow, another bride of the sun.

(5e) *Sani* :—One of the sons of the Sun. Chhaya gave birth to Sani.

(5f) *Yama* :—Is the Hindu Pluto.

(5g) *Yamuna* :—The river so named.

(5h) *Savitu* :—The mother of the Universs.

(5i) *Koti* :—ten million.

MANSING'S ARRIVAL IN BENGAL.

Page (6) *Bangaja Kaistha* :—Kaiistha or the writer-class living in the East of Bengal.

(6a) *Bhabani* :—A name of Durga.

(6b) *Ayuta* :—Ten thousand.

(6c) *Kali* :—A name of Durga.

(6d) *Vardhamanu* :—It is a great pity that we can't designate or specify the scene of action.

(6e) The goddess :—Is Kali.

(6f) *Kanoongo* :—An officer who held the power of dispensing lands to tenants as well as of collecting revenues. *Badsha* or the emperor's Seal was in his possession. He had an absolute power over the tenants ; but he had to ask permission of the local Nobab in cases of emergency.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE STORY OF VIDYA SUNDARA.

Page (7) *Lakshmi* :—One of the wives of Vishnu. She is the goddess of opulence.

(7a) *Saraswati* :—Another wife of Vishnu representing learning and fine Arts.

(7b) *Kanchipura* :—The modern Conjeveram.

(7c) *Bhat* :—An eulogist and envoy.

(7d) *Twice-born ones* :—Signifies Brahmans.

(7e) Of the *Rarhi* class :—Bengali Brahmans are divided mainly into *Rarhis*, those inhabiting *Rarh*, and *Varandras*,

living in *Varandra* :—There is another class of an inferior kind, called Vaidiks. The Rarhi Brahmans constitute the prime order. Intermarriage between a Rarhi and a Varandra is interdicted.

SUNDARA'S JOURNEY TO VARDHAMAN.

Page (9) *Melody-Mollahar* :—Hindu music has a number of melodies with peculiar title of notes, and conveying different sentiments. A Hindu singer or musician sings or plays a certain melody, and then enlarges it at will in harmony with the rules. A piece of a Hindu music, European one can never be composed newly by a composer, expressing its own sentiments in sounds. One can indeed compose according to a distinct measure, but the composition must chime in with and by no means depart from its original. A song or tune sometimes owes its origin to two or more melodies ; but it can never stand out independently on its own basis. A question suggests itself,—“ Can not one presume to compose a new melody ? If he be not permitted to compose a song or tune on new principles ? ” The answer is “ No.” Like almost every other thing bequeathed to us by our forefathers. The gate is closed upon the farther progress of Hindu music. It is of divine origin, and has been completed by divine agencies. Who will paint the lily, or add a fresh paint to the rainbow, or improve upon perfection ? ” The sentiment of the present melody is that of the rains,

In almost every chapter, the poet preludes his narration with a song which just hits off the main sentiment,

without having any connection with the actual story ; serving, in fact, as mottos. These songs are printed in smaller types for the purpose of distinction.

(9a) *Titala* :—Hindu melodies are performed according to any hard and fast measure, Of course they must be performed measuredly, but this measure is of the simplest description, having the amplest possible latitude. Not with the songs. These are so to say bound hand and foot with the prescribed measures.

Page (10) *Mahavidya* :—The goddess Kali.

(10.a) The hero of the Ramayana :—Rama, an incarnation of Vishnu, it is said, in the great Sanskrit Epic, Ramayan, he slew the demon-king, Ravana and delivered his wife, Sita.

(10b) *Dhukdhuki* :—An oval ornament studded with gems.

(10c) Manuscript :—The printing press is one of the many blessings conferred on India by the English people. The pioneers were the Sirampore Missionaries. Before the advent of the English works written by copyists on paper, which was generally yellow.

(10d) *Syama* :—A name of Kali.

(10e) *Atasi* :—A species of Indian flower.

(10g) *Nala* :—A prince whose fortunes are celebrated in the Mahavarata of Vyasa.

(10f) *Kumar* :—A son of Siva and the generalsimo of the celestials.

(10h) *Ulka* :—The shouting Star.

SUNDARA ENTERS VARDHAMANA.

Page (12) *Karas* and *Dhols* :—Varieties of tomtoms.

(12a) *Jhanjhar* :—A plate of bell metal.

(12b) *Nowbat* :—The place at the gate where various out-door instruments are played at the appointed hours. This was a Mahommadan custom.

(12c) *Habshis* :—Abyssinians.

(12d) *Sarbamongala* :—Means the embodiment of all welfare. A name of Durga.

(12e) *Lanka* :—The modern Ceylon the capital of Ravana.

(12f) *Dhutis* :—Pieces of cloth tightened at the waist.

Page 13. *Harkara* :—An envoy.

(13a) *Jamadar* :—A police officer mating to the kotal.

(13b) *Liakshi* :—The debtor and creditor.

(13c) *Mukhuti* :—The principal Rarhi Brahmans are divided into Mukhutis or Mukerji, Chatterji, Bannerji and Gangooli.

(13d) *Annada Mongala* :—Means the welfare conferred by Annada or the goddess Durga.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FORT OF VARDHAMAN.

Page 14. *Sohini* :—A beautiful melody lacking the tone, considered one of the principal tones in Hindu music. It resembles bees ceaselessly humming in Spring time.

(14a) *Madhyaman Theka* :—A pause in a music.

(14b) *Aguru* :—An ungent.

- (14c) *Feringees* :—Most probably Portuguese.
 (14d) *Allemangus* :—Germans.
 Page 15. *Palong* :—Bedstead.
 (15a) *Lac* :—A hundred thousand.
 (15b) *Padmas* :—Ten billions.
 (15c) *Abhaya* :—The remover of fear, a name of Kali.
 (15d) *Balakhana* :—The first floor.
 (15e) *Kotal* :—The keeper of the city.
 (15f) *Karis* and *Koras* :—Are the instruments of chastisement.
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DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

Page (16) O ! Beautious king :—Krisna is apostrophized in this song.

- (16a) *Dhara* :—A piece of rag.
 (16b) *Chakora* :—A kind of partridge.

Page 17 *Vyakarana* :—Grammar.

(17a) *Smritis* :—Means that which is remembered, in contrast with *Sruti*, that which is heard. The Hindu scriptures divide themselves broadly into these two ; the latter comprising the Vedas, looked upon as revelation and the former comprising the laws, civil and religious, considered as tradition.

(17b) *Darsanas* :—Systems of philosophy. The Hindus have six schools,—namely, Nyaya, Vaishesika, Patanjali, Sankhā, Mimamsa and Vedānta.

(17c) A body of the deities :—In every dwelling an apartment set apart for the guardian gods—either one of Vishnu or that of those of Siva. Daily worship is

rendered morning and evening with offerings of fruits, sweet-meats and moist sun-dried rice. In case of a householder who is not a Brahman, one is retained on a small monthly salary.

(17d) Bells :—Bells are rung during the worship.

(17e) *Chandi* :—A work celebrating the exploits of Durga concerning the destruction of the demons.

(17f) *Ayurveda* :—The medical works of the Hindus.

(17g) *Kaiasthas* :—The writer caste.

(17h) The following are the people of different castes then lived in Bardhaman. The natives of Bengal in particular retain castes according to their professions. Tilis, Kuris, Aguris Jugies, Chasadhobas, Kaivartas, Nuris, Guris, Chandals, Bagdis, Haris, Kurmis, Korangas, Pods, Kapalis, Teors, Kols, Bedes, Baites, Kans, Bharakas, Bhakteyas etc. Kaiastha—the writer caste Jugis—Weavers of mats and cloths. Chasadhobas—Dealers in rice. Kaivartas—Plyers of Canoes as well as they used to carry on agriculture etc.

Chandals—Keepers of Cemeteries.

Bagdis—Fishermen of an inferior order.

Haris :—Night soil removers.

Kurmis—Earth-cutter.

Teors—Dealers in fiddle.

Kols—Aboriginal tribes.

Bedes—Jugglers.

Baitis—Wicker women.

Page 18. Mendicants :—A class of anchorets who reve about, for begging alms, subsisting upon them. They have Siva for their guardian Deity.

(18a) *Kahliras* and *Kokonadas* are the Indian flowers.

(18b) *Dahukās* and *Dahakis* :—The male and female birds like that of a crane. Their feathers are some what black.

(18c) *Khanjan* and *Khanjanis* :—Are the Indian birds

having very beautiful brilliant eyes.

(18b) *Rags* and *Raginis* :—The Hindus divide their melodies into males and females, the males being named *Ragas* and the females *Raginis*. There are six *Ragas* and thirty six *Raginis*.

(18c) *Kama* :—Cupid.

Page 19. *Vakula* :—An Indian tree

THE REGRET OF THE FEMALES ON SEEING SUNDARA.

(19a) *Rati* :—Rati the wife of *Kama*. The Indian Venus.

(19b) *Champaka* :—An Indian flower-tree, so named.

SUNDARA SEES A MALINI.

Page 21. *Malini* :—The woman who supplies or sells flowers and garlands.

((21a) *Gunja* :—An Indian creeper.

Page 22. *Karis* :—Cowry or shells.

(22a) *Sari* :—A bordered or laced cloth.

(22b) *Chhitas* and *Phontas* :—lit. sprinklings and paintings on the forehead with sandal. Those that appear in this guise considered by the Hindu society as virtuous. As regards to the *Malini*, the expression here used ironically.

Page 24. Call me her grandson :—In Hindu society, the grand-father and the grand-mother are on a par with the wife and her brother,—and jokes as permitted to be escaped on them accordingly.

SUNDARA COMES TO THE MALINI'S PLACE.

Page 26. *Saji* :—A small basket for keeping the flowers gathered.

(26a) *Chinra* :—Parched and soaked rice, eaten generally by the low castes among the Hindus.

(26b) *Cowrie* :—The smallest change in India.

Page 27. *Yasada* :—Krishna's mother,—Krishna is an incarnation of Vishnu.

(27a) *Purvas* :—The Hindus have eighteen *purvas* or mythological works, dealing in supernaturalism and absurdities of great belief.

(27b) *Jhanpi* :—A casket made of cane or bambu in which poor Hindu women used to keep money.

(27c) *Pan* :—The betel leaf.

(27d) *Buri* :—Is equal to a pice.

(27e) *Kahana* :—Is equal to a rupee.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MALINI'S BARGAINS.

Page 28. *Radha* :—Krishna's principal consort.

Page 29. *Sandes* :—A kind of classical sweetmeat.

Page 30. *Bharata* ! *Bharata* !—The Hindus exclaim this word when any thing peculiarly disgusting occurs. *Bharata* is an abbreviation of *Mohavarata*—the great epic poem of *Vyasa*.

(30a) *Bharata* :—India which was governed by a king of the self same name.

SUNDARA'S CONVERSATION WITH THE MALINI.

(30b) *Durbar* :—The Court.

Page (32) The monarch of snakes :—The king of snakes, in Hindu mythology, has a hundred mouths.

DESCRIPTION OF VIDYA'S BEAUTY.

(32a) *Khanjan* :—Wagtail, having beautiful brilliant eyes.

(32b) *Manasa* :—The Himalayan lake.

(32c) *Rash* :—Sport, dalliance.

Page 33. *Asuras* :—Demons.

(33a) Lotus born one :—Means, Brahma sprung from the lotus.

(33b) *Kadamva* flower :—An Indian flower, is like that of a ball.

(33c) *Sambhu*—A name of Siva.

(33d) *Damaru* :—A small drum having a very slender waist.

(33e) *Gouri* :—A name of Durga.

(33f) *Anango's* body :—Anango, lit. the bodiless ; a name of Kama.

Page 34. *Sita* :—The consort of Rama, the great hero of the Ramayan.

(34a) Breaking of the bow :—King Janaka, the father of Sita had vowed that none should have Sita unless he broke the bow of Siva.

STRINGING OF THE GARLAND.

(34b) Nandana :—The grove of Indra, the chief of the celestials.

Pages (36 & 37) The composition of a flowery Kama with slokas.

Champakas, Kundas, Bandhulis, Keyas, Mallikas, Vakulas, Aparajitas, Tila flowers, Bandhulis, Indivaras, Kanakachampakas, Sthalpadmas, Parulas and Ranganas :—These are Indian flowers ; the names of a few of them given those that are akin and known to foreigners.

Champakas :—A tree yielding flowers of deep hue.

Kunda :—A frankincense.

Mallika :—The Arabian jasmine.

Tila flower :—The Sesamum flower.

Indibara :—The blue lotus. Kanakachampaka :—A yellow flower mixed with golden hue.

Sthalapadma :—A kind of Hibiscus.

Holder herself of wealth :—means Lakshmi.

Sloka :—Stanza.

Page 42. Vimbas :—An Indian creeper yielding fruits which when ripe look exceeding red.

(42a) Safaris :—Herrings.

THEY SEE EACH OTHER.

Page 43. The lord of *Vraja* :—Krishna.

Page 45. *Padya* and *Arghya* :—*Padya* is the water for the guest to wash the feet with ; and *Arghya* is an offering of certain articles in the way of honoring him.

Page 46. Kumudini :—The lily,

Page 49. *Shishupala* :—Was the son of Damodar Ghosh, was when born had four hands. Damodar Ghosh his father in a mournful plight was ready to give him up ; in the mean time an aerial voice cheered him up and said “ O ! Damodar, never fear, your son shall be a valliant one ; but at the sight of whom his two hands will drop down he shall vanquish him. In the course of time when Shishupala came in sight of Srikrishna, an incarnation of Vishnu his two hands fell off. At last Krishna put an end to his life.

(49a) *Rukmini* :—Rukmini lost her heart to Krishna but Krishna was beyond her reach. Krishna all of a sudden appeared on the scene in an aeral car, and carried her off, beating down all opposition.

THE EXCAVATION.

(49b) *Chamunda* :—A name of Kali.

(49c) *D navas* :—Asuras.

(49d) *Kali* :—The iron age.

Page 50. *Kalika* :—The goddess Kali.

(50a) *Mantra* :—A sacred passage.

(50b) *Visai* :—The divine architect. Poet here used his colloqual name ;—his appropriate name is *Vishwakarma*.

(50c) *Kamakhyā* :—Kali.

VIDYA'S PINING AND THE ENTRANCE OF SUNDARA.

Page 53. *Sulochana* :—lit. having beautiful eyes. *Bhramara* :—The black bee.

(53a) *Naga* :—The demi divine snake.

VIDYA MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SUNDARA.

Page 55. *Gandharba* :—The celestial chorister,

(55a) *Yaksha* :—Demi divine being.

(55b) *Upadeva* :—An inferior spirit.

Page 56. The daughter of my lord etc. :—In Hindu society it is indecorous if not positively insulting—to call a master or a mistress by his or her name.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE LOVES OF VIDYA AND SUNDARA.

Page 61. *Beshara* :—The nose-ring.

(61a) *Eyo* :—Is a married female ; it is the custom among the Hindus that Eyos require to present themselves for celebrating holy rites, viz. on the occasion of marriages, offering sacred threads etc.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE LOVES OF VIDYA AND SUNDARA.

Mallikas—Arabian Jasmine. *Jayitri* :—The spice called mace.

Page 62. *Mandira* :—A cymbal.

(62a) *Mridanga* :—A double drum.

(62b) *Vina* :—Lute or guitar.

(62c) *Tambura* :—A stringed instrument for regulating voice.

(62d) *Rabab* :—A stringed instrument.

(62e) *Kapinas* :—A stringed instrument.

(62f) *Saptashwara* :—A stringed instrument.

(62g) *Ghungur* :—A girdle of small bells.

(62h) *Mochongs* :—A small steel instrument caught hold with the teeth played by a finger.

(62i) *Murchanas* :—In an Oriental music there are certain rules for elevating and lowering voice, according to the—prescribed rules.

(62j) *Gramas* :—Are octaves.

(62k) *Srutis* :—There are twenty two stoppages or the division of the voice in the Oriental music. The singer or a musician must be abided by the rules given in the *Sruti*.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF SPORT.

Page 68, *Chakora* :—A kind of partridge.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE UNIQUE SPORT.

Page 72. *Khanjan* :—The wagtail, the bird is famous for its bright brilliant eyes.

Page 74. *Dao* :—A bill-hook, a cleave. Like a *dao* &c. :—It is impossible that the cucumber cuts a *dao*, the very instrument.

SUNDARA SEES THE SOVEREIGN IN THE GUISE OF A MENDICANT.

Page 76. *Bhat* :—The royal messenger.

(76a) *Avadhuta* :—A class of fanatics.

(76b) *Ghatel* :—Watchman, or constable.

(76c) *Kanari* :—Eavesdropper, one who tries to overhear private conversation.

(76d) *Khetel*.—*Gundas* or *latials*, persons bearing clubs.

(76e) *Teli* :—An oilman,

(76f) *Chetak* :—A servant, slave,

Page 77. *Vede* :—A fowler.

(77a) *Bruhmachari* :—An ascetic.

Page 78. *Kamandalu*.—A devotee's water pot.

(78a) *Vadarikashram* :—*Vadarika*, the jujube a genus of spiny shrub, the fruit of which is dried and taken for sweet-meat *ashrama* means hermitage or monastery. The site probably situated in the woods of *Vrindavan*.

(78b) Union of the Gonga with the ocean :—The place considered sacred by the Hindus where a large concourse of people repair once in a year on the month of Pous for bathing.

(78c) "I once shaved my head near my preceptor" :—It is the custom among the students in Sanskrit to have their heads shaven in the presence of their preceptor previous to their application to study.

(78d) *Rudraksha rosary* :—A bead of the same said fruit generally used by the mendicant.

SUNDARA JESTS WITH VIDYA.

Page 80. *Bhramara*.—The black bee.

(80a) *Kumud*.—A kind of water lily,

Page 81. *Batpar* :—A villain who robs of the articles of a thief.

(81a) *Bhang* :—Hemp, generally taken by mendicant. Siva used to take it in a great quantity.

(81b) *Damodar*.—A river in the Bancoorah district.

Page 82. "Had made the moon the food of *Rahu*.—In the lunar eclipse the planet *Rahu* devours the moon. Here the moon is compared with the face of *Vidya*.

Page 86. *Ama*.—darkness or oblivion.

(86a) *Laghu anger*.—When one's own husband speaks with the husband of another, the former fires with anger out of envy. This may be removed by mere words.

(86b) *Madhya anger* :—When a woman hears her husband praise the wife of another she is anon angry with her husband ; it is removed by discussions on the virtues of both.

(86c) *Guru anger*.—When a woman finds any marks from the dalliance with other women on her husband's person ; she is immediately with anger. It can not be removed unless her husband holds her feet.

Page 88. *Behai*.—A son-in-law's father,

(88a) *Behaini* :—A son-in-law's mother.

Page 89. *Rash* :—Dalliance, sport.

(89a) *Dhrishta* :—An ill-fame woman or unfortunate,

(89b) *Satha* :—The co-wife.

(89c) *Dakshina* :—Is a husband who lets his wife who is incensed know that his object will be accomplished by any other woman.

Page 90. *Khandvita* :—Is the wife who feels sorry on seeing the mark of dalliance on her husband's person.

(90a) *Kalahantarita* :—Is the wife who drives away her husband having him reprimanded sorely.

(90b) *Vasasajja* :—Is the wife who awaits her husband adorned herself with the artificial charms of dresses and ornaments.

(90c) *Utkanthita* :—The wife who is very eager and impatient at the delay of her husband's arrival.

(90d) *Hipralabdha*.—Is the woman who fails to see her lover at the place appointed for the meeting.

(90e) *Swadhinabhartrika* :—Is the wife whose husband is ever obedient to her.

(90f) *Proshitabhartrika*.—Is the wife who so sorely pines for her husband who is abroad.

Page 91. 'Begging of the broken rice and revelling in clay:—These are done by the Hindu females at the first menses of a young girl.

Page 94. *Dakṣiṇi* :—A witch, a She-devil.

(94a) *Shankṇi* :—A fairy, an apparition.

Page 95. *Dani*.—A toll collector.

VIDYA'S SOLICITATION.

Page 96. *Gulma*.—A Spongy gland above the kidneys.

Page 100. *Gandharba*.—A celestial musician.

(100) *Nag*.—A Snake.

THE KOTAL SEARCHES FOR THE THIEF.

Page 101. 'Nanda's young boy.—Means Krisna.

(101a) *Gokul*.—Brindavan.

Page 102. " Me thinks I am to die Duryadhana's death:—

Duryadhana the *Kuru* king, it is said in the *Mahāvarata*, the great epic poem, went to take refuge into a lake Daipayana, after his friends, chiefs and generals had fallen in the great war waged against him by the Pandavas. Pandavas left no stones unturned to find him out. At last Krisna (the great friend of the Pandavas) told the Pandava chief, Yudhishthira, the then king to repair forthwith to the margin of the lake and begin to vilify Duryadhana, and in consequence not bearing himself the burthen of contempt and ridicule he will anon prepare for the battle. In obedience to the advice of Krisna, Yudhishthira having arrived at the place began to pour forth volleys of abuses. Thereupon

Duryadhana fired with indignation appeared in the scene and said. 'I am friendless and alone, come one and all among your brothers in duel.' Judhithira appointed his third brother Bhima in the engagement. A severe and terrific combat ensued and Duryadhana fell.

(102a) "My case is that of Maricha on the occasion of carrying away of Sita."—Maricha was a *Rakshasha* (a fabulous cannibal.) He retired into a thick forest and there sat at deep meditation with the communion of the most High. Rama being banished as an exile came to live in peace with his beloved consort and an affectionate brother Lakshmana in the Dandaka forest. He had to fight with a great many of the Rakshashas. A Rakhashi named Surpanakha was in the number. She was the sister to Ravana the king of Ceylon. Lakshmana had her nose and ears cut off with the sharp end of his arrow. She instantly in an agonising shriek bent his course to Ceylon and gave out in particular all that had happened to his brother, Ravana. Thereupon the wrath of the fierce and valliant king Ravana knew no bounds. Hearing at the same time the exquisite and unrivalled beauty of Sita the wife of Rama, the lustful wretch was intent upon to carry her away. He was immediately out in seach of Maricha. Found him out he told him to devise some artifice to accomplish his desired ends. Hearing him the devotee tried his utmost to desist him by gentle persuasions and various religious doctrines to no effect. The vicious leud knashing his terrible teeth raised his gigantic hands on the *Rishi*. Thereon he thought within himself "I am left adrift between the horns of dilemma, what am I to do, my death is inevitable. But now it is far more desirable to die in the hand of Rama who is Vishnu himself than in this impious licentions devil. So he forthwith journeyed in the guise of a golden deer to the place where Rama with his dear spouse seated. At the sight of the wonderful deer, Sita all of a sudden bewildered and

desired her husband to have the animal killed to make his fair skin her seat. Anon leaving behind his beloved Sita under the care of his brother Lakshmana, Rama followed the deer with his bows and arrows; proceeding a great way off the Rakhasha dropped off his guise and immediately after was shot dead by a single arrow. The Rakhasha at his dying moments cried aloud "where Oh ! brother, come to save me, my life is at stake", Hearing it Sita incapable of containing herself any longer told Lakshmana "hark, my boy, my Rama is in a scrape" have a speedy course for his relief, Lakshmana consoled her saying "mother cheer up, have courage, there's no peril in Rama who is Vishnu's self. But Sita did not give heed to what Lakshmana said. The more did he delay the more did she used abusive language to him. But at last, Lakshmana being unable to bear it any longer took his way in the direction, whence his brother's voice was audible. In the mean time Ravana who was in the garb of a mendicant came to Sita's place and asked for alms. No sooner was she out from the bow mark imprinted on the ground all around her by Lakshmana at the eve of his departure than was she caught by Ravana, placed in a car and carried away to her capital.

(102a) Kuvera :—The god of riches.

(102b) Kinnar :—The celestial chorister.

(102c) Gondharba :—A celestial musician.

(102d) Tantra :—A charm or delusion,

Page 104. Death of Kichak :—Kichak was a general of Viratraj. Once upon a time he was greatly enamoured of Droupadi (the joint wife of the five Pandavas) on seeing the full-blown charms in her person, He tried each and every means in his power to entice her away to no purpose. At last feeling it quite insufferable Droupadi represented the matter in detail to Bhima. On hearing it he told her to lay a noose of strategem with the assurance of consent, and gave her

further instructions to appoint time for seeing him in the parlour that very night. Pursuant to the advice of Bhima she did what was she told. In the evening Bhima was busily engaged in preparing himself to make away with Kichaka who being quite impatient all the while, was eagerly awaiting the approach of the evening ; he dressed in silken stuffs, perfumed his person with various essences took his way slowly in short paces towards the parlour. On entering the room and taking to hear, that his long hopped for damsel on the sofa, he quite void of senses hastened to take his seat beside Bhima who was in the garb of a female. Taking him for Droupadi, Kichaka began to speak amorous words to him. Bhima instantly rising began assaulting him with his feet. A dreadful duel ensued and Kichaka fell.

THE KOTALS DISGUISED AS WOMEN.

Page 105. *Chandora* and *Issurnula* :—Are preventive medicines against snake bite. These are Indian creepers.

(105 a) *Harkaras* :—Peons.

(105 b) *Tavakis* :—Those bearing swords.

(105 c) *Dhalis* :—Those bearing shields.

(105 d) *Mals* :—Wrestlers.

(105 e) *Raivansa* :—Those bearing bambu spears.

Page 106. *Shankha* :—A conch.

(106 a) *Khungi* :—A satchel.

(106 b) Jarasandha's prison :—Jarasandha was the king of Magadha. His capital was situated on the summit of five hills. The gates leading to the palace are forthwith closed against the sudden attack of an enemy. The king Jarasandha brought all the kings of his time under subjugation and cast them in prison. Krisna with the view of rescuing them repaired to his capital accompanying with

Bhima and Aryuna. Jarasandha was killed by Bhima in a dual. The Kotal rejoices and Sundara laments.

Page 112. *Sal* :—A gibbet.

(112 a) *Nima* :—A tree so named, the juice or the decoction of its bark and leaves are quite unpalatable like quinine, *chireta* &c.

THE WOMEN DISPRAISES THEIR HUSBANDS.

Page 122. *Chatumukha* :—The formula of a Kabiraji medicine.

(122 a) *Parva* :—A day of festival.

Page 123. *Varvela* :—Unlucky parts of a day during night.

(123 a) *Kalvila* :—An unlucky hour.

(123 b) *Rashi* :—Zodiacal sign.

(123 c) *Graha* :—The planet.

(123 d) *Tithi* :—The day of a lunar change.

Page 124. *Poddar* :—The money lender.

Page 125. *Mohurar* :—An accountant.

(125 a) *Kolin's daughter* :—Daughter of a noble descent.

Page 126. *Koola* :—Race, caste.

THE THIEF BROUGHT TO THE KING'S COURT.

Page 127. *Vina* :—A stringed instrument.

Page 128. *Pankhas* :—Fans.

(128 a) *Kathak* :—A speaker or one who explains sacred passages.

(128 b) *Sa'as* :—Brother-in-law or wife's brother.

(128 c) *Chopdar* :—A portar, a person appointed to wait

at the gate with the view of reporting the king the arrival of guests or to carry cards to the royal presence.

(128 d) *Bakshi* :—The comptroller of accounts.

(128 e) *Munshi* :—Writer.

(128 f) *Kajis* :—Judges.

(128 g) *Tamburas* :—Stringed instrument for regulating voice.

(128 h) *Mridangas* :—Double drums.

(121 i) *Mahut* :—An elephant driver.

(128 j) *Asols* :—Cavaliers.

(128 k) *Khanejads* :—Young-sters or children.

(128 l) *Johar* :—Spirit or valour.

THE THIEF LETS THE KING INTO HIS SELF KNOWLEDGE

Page 133. *Yama* :—The Hindu Pluto.

Page 136. *Barava* fire :—Submarine fire.

THE THIEF RECITES SLOKAS BEFORE THE KING.

Page 137. *Mohavidya* :—The goddess *Kali*.

(137 a) Anirudha had in this way carried away Usa :—

Anirudha and Usa were highly enamoured each other in a dream. Usa the daughter of king Vana belaboring the violent stroke of passion was subject to a virulent type of a malady. Thereupon the king her father had recourse to various forms of treatment in her behalf to no effect. At last one of the hand maids of Usa, resorted to Siva's place for advice. This being done the moid was directed to make her appearance to Anirudha in an illusion quite invincible and to carry him away to Usa's apartment. Gone there she

found Anirudha in a room asleep ; having had the opportunity so favorable she carried him, laid him beside her beloved mistress. The matter being brought to the notice of king Vana by the guards and sentinels, the king fired with indignation ordered the culprit should be bound in chains cast in prison. Thereupon Krisna knowing it within himself appeared in the scene of action, released Anirudha his grandson and carried him away in an aerial car together with Usa to his capital.

(137 b) Krisna's son carried away Lakshmana &c. :—Lakshmana the daughter of Duryadhana was united in matrimony with Sambo the son of Jambovati. At first Duryadhana flatly declined to offer his affectionate daughter to Sambo's son of Krisna ; on which account he had to fight much. Subsequently at the cost of much trouble and abuses was obliged to celebrate the marriage with the very one.

THE MALE PARROT GIVES INFORMATION CONCERNING SUNDARA.

Page 139. *Dacoit* :—Robber.

(139 a) *Jamadar* :—An officer next to the Kotal.

SUNDARA'S HYMN TO KALI IN THE EXECUTION-GROUND.

Page 140. *Chanda* and *Munda* :—Were the two *Daityas* whom the goddess Kali killed and wore their heads around her neck as a garland.

(140 a) Thy lotus-feet are placed on Sambhu's breast and legs :—At the time when the *daityas* or demons grew in number and became the source of annoyance to the deities, the goddess Kali began rendering an indiscriminate slaughter

on them ; the havoc took place was so terrific that it seemed to the divinities that the Universal dissolution was at hand and in consequence they forthwith made their appearance to Siva and brought it to his notice. At the word Siva bent his way in the direction where the massacre was going on and laid himself down among the carnage. The goddess quite absent herself from wrath came dancing, placed her feet on Siva, her husband. She anon lolled her tongue out from shame and could not move for the further attack.

Page 141. *Aparna* :—Lit *a*—means (no) *parna*—means the leaves of trees. The goddess Durga with the view of obtaining the hand of Siva began his prayer abstaining even from the leaves of trees. By so doing was she succeeded.

(141 b) *Achuta* :—Vishnu.

(141 c) *Annapurna* :—Lit *anna*—food, *purna*—supplies. The form Durga assumed to give food to Siva her husband, on the summit of mount, Kailasa.

(141 d) *Indrani* :—Lit. The wife of Indra, the king of the celestials. Here it means, one who has the supreme power even over the celestials.

(141 e) *Indira* :—Lakshmi.

(141 f) *Iswari* :—One has the superhuman agencies. A supreme being. The feminine of *Iswara*, the God.

(141 g) *Isana* :—*Isan* is one of the eight forms of Siva. *Isan* is his Solar form, Durga.

(141 h) *I* :—Denotes Kama. The spouse of *I*'s lord—is Durga.

(141 i) *Uma* :—*U*—means Siva, *ma*—means Lakshmi. This name was kept by Menaka the mother of Durga. Otherwise *U*—means Siva and *ma*—means not. Menaka told Durga 'mother, don't dedicate yourself to devotion.' When was she absorbed in deep meditation for obtaining the hand of Siva.

(141 j) *Tara* :—Lit. One removes the worldly cares and anxieties, a name of Durga.

(141 k) *Kansa* :—A daitya king. Kansa's foe :—Krisna.

(141 l) *Indra* :—The king of the celestials.

141 m) *Kali* :—Kali derived from *Kala*, means oblivions, or otherwise Pluto. At the time of making away with *Chanda* and *Munda*, Durga assumed this form and drank deep the blood of Raktavija ; once more he held this form at the time when she went to Daksha's house.

(141 n) *Girisa* :—The wife of Girish. *Giri* the mountain, *Isa* the chief, denotes Himalaya, the father of Durga.

(141 o) *Gouri* :—Lit. A beautiful girl of eight years old Manaka called her daughter Durga by this name when she was very young.

Page 143. *Ghar-ghar* :—A guitar.

(143 a) *Brahma* :—Is a sacred river where Brahamans or spiritual castes should have to make ablutions.

(143 b) *Chanulachura* :—The summit of the mountain on which the moon sets, here it means the forehead of Siva where the moon beams brighteous.

(143 c) *Chandi* :—Durga. The form by which she can kill madden and enslave mankind.

(143 d) *Jayavati* :—Lit. *Jay*—means victory. The mother of victory.

(143 e) *Tanka* :—The string of a bow.

(143 f) *Dhemosas* :—A round single drum, played with a strick.

Page 144. *Tripura* :—Lit. Bestower of three boons namely, virtue, wealth and desire. Otherwise, there were three palaces built at three quarters by Moydanaba ; one was made of gold, one of silver and the other that of iron.

(143 a) *Daksha* :—The father of Durga.

(144 b) *Dharitri* :—The world.

(144 c) *Dhata* :—The creator.

(144 d) *Dhurjati* :—*Dhura*—means burthen, *jati*—means locks. Here it refers to Siva who bore a burthen of hairy locks.

(144 e) *Narsinghi* :—Here it refers to Durga. Nrisingha, the fourth incarnate of Vishnu. A human form with a lion's head.

(144 f) *Viswanath* :—Siva Lit. The lord of the world.

(144 g) *Raktavija* :—The daitya chief whom Kali put to death.

(144 h) *Haramba* :—Ganesa.

Haimavati :—Lit. Having a cool unagitating temper. Durga was the daughter of Himalaya i.e. the abode of snow.

Sarada :—Means one imparts to the human head, the supernatural wisdom.

Barahi :—Here it refers to Durga. Vishnu with the view of rescuing the world assumed the form of a Boar.

Bala :—Durga, Bala, means the heavenly wisdom which grows with the growth of the body.

Va!a :—The abode of welfare.



